

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1843.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ARISTOCRACY OF POWER.

In their political capacity, the people of fashion, among whom, for the present purpose, we include the whole of the aristocracy, are the common butt of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness.

They are accused of standing between the mass of the people and their inalienable rights—of opposing, with obstinate resistance, the progress of rational liberty;—and of—but, in short, you have only to glance over the pages of any democratic newspaper, to be made aware of the horrible political iniquity of the aristocracy of England.

The aristocracy in England, considered politically, is a subject too broad, too wide, and too deep for us; nor is it exactly proper for a work of a sketchy nature, in the which we only skim lightly along the surface of society, picking up any little curiosity as we go along, but without dipping deeply into motives or habits of thought or action, especially in state affairs.

Since our late lamented friends the whigs have gone to enjoy a virtuous retirement, and a dignified ease, we have taken no delight in politics. There is no fun going on now-a-days—no quackery, no mountebankery, no asses, colonial or otherwise. The dull jog-trot fellows who have gone into Downing-street have made politics no joke—and now that silence, as of the tomb, reigns amongst quondam leaders of the Treasury bench—now that the camp-followers have followed their leader, and the auxiliaries are dispersed, we really have nobody to laugh at; and, like our departed friends, have too little of the statesman to be serious about serious matters.

With regard to the aristocracy in their public capacity, this is the way we always look at them.

In the first place they govern us through the tolerance of public opinion,—as men having station, power, property, much to lose, and comparatively little to gain—men who have put in bail to a large amount for their good behavior: and, in the second place, they govern us, because, really and truly, there are so many outrageously discordant political quacks, desirous of taking our case in hand, that we find it our inter-

est to entrust our public health to an accomplished physician, even although he charges a guinea a visit, and refuses to insure a perfect cure with a box of pills costing thirteenpence-halfpenny. There can be no doubt whatever, that the most careful men are the men who have the most to care for. He that has a great deal to lose will think twice, where he that has nothing to lose will not think at all; and the government of this vast and powerful empire, we imagine, with great deference, must require a good deal of thinking. In a free press we have a never-dying exponent of public opinion, a perpetual advocate of rational liberty, and a powerful engine for the exposure, which is ultimately the redress, of wrong: and although this influential member of our government receives no public money, nor is called right honorable, nor speaks in the House, yet in fact and in truth it has a seat in the Cabinet, and, upon momentous occasions, a voice of thunder.

That the aristocracy of power should be in advance of public opinion, is not in the nature of things, and should no more be imputed as a crime to them, than to us not to run when we are not in a hurry. They cannot, as a body, move upwards, because they stand so near the top, that dangerous ambition is extinguished; and it is hardly to be expected that, as a body, they should move downwards, unless they find themselves supported in their position upon the right of others, in which case we have always seen that, although they descend gradually, they descend at last.

This immobility of our aristocracy is the origin of the stability of our political institutions, which has been, is, and will continue to be, the great element of our pre-eminence as a nation: it possesses a force corrective and directive, and at once restrains the excess, while it affords a point of resistance to the current of the popular will. And this immobility, it should never be forgotten, is owing to that very elevation so hated and so envied; wanting it, the aristocracy would be subject to the vulgar ambition, vulgar passions, and sordid desires of meaner aspirants after personal advantage and distinction. It is a providential blessing, we firmly believe, to a great nation, to possess a class, by fortune and station, placed above those unseemly

contentions of adventurers in public life ; looked up to as men responsible without hire for the public weal, and, without sordid ambition of their own, solicitous to preserve it ; looked up to, moreover, as examples of that refinement of feeling, jealous sense of honor, and manly independence, serving as deterrents of the grosser humors of commercial life, and which, filtering through the successive strata of society, clarify and purify in their course, leaving the very dregs the cleaner for their passage.

A body thus by habit and constitution opposed to innovation, and determined against the recklessness of inconsiderate reforms, has furnished a stock argument to those who delight in "going a-head" faster than their feet, which are the grounds of their arguments, can carry them. We hear the aristocracy called stumbling-blocks in the way of legislative improvements,—and, with greater propriety of metaphor, likened to drags on the wheel of progressive reform ; and so on, through all the regions of illustration, until we are in at the death of the metaphor. How happens to be overlooked the advantage of this anti-progressive barrier, to the concentration and deepening of the flood of opinion on any given subject ? how is it that men are apt to forget altogether that this very barrier it is which now prevents the too eager crowd from trampling one another to death in their haste ? which gives time for the ebullitions of unreasoning zeal, and reckless enthusiasm, and the dregs of agitation quietly to subside ; and, for all that, bears the impress of reason and sound sense to circulate with accumulated pressure thro' the public mind ? Were it not for the barrier which the aristocracy of power thus interposes for a time, only to withdraw when the time for interposition is past, we should live in a vortex of revolution and counter revolution. Our whole time, and our undivided energies, would be employed in acting hastily, and repenting at leisure ; in repining either because our biennial revolutions went too far, or did not go far enough ; in expending our national strength in the unprofitable struggles of faction with faction, adventurer with adventurer ; with every change we should become more changeful, and with every settlement more unsettled. Our distant colonies would follow the bright example, one by one, and our commerce and trade would fall with our colonial empire. In fine, we should become in the eyes of the world what France now is,—a people ready to sacrifice every solid advantage, every gradual, and, therefore, permanent improvement, every ripening fruit that time and care, and the sunshine of peace only can mature, to a genius for revolution.

This turbulent torrent of headlong re-

form, to-day flooding its banks, to-morrow dribbling in a half dry channel, the aristocracy of power collects, concentrates, and converts into a power, even while it circumscribes it, and represses. So have we seen a mountain stream, useless in summer, dangerous in winter, now a torrent, now a puddle, wasting its unprofitable waters in needless brawling ; let a barrier be opposed to its downward course, let it be dammed up, let a point of resistance be afforded where its waters may be gathered together and regulated, you find it turned to valuable account, acting with men's hands, becoming a productive laborer, and contributing its time and its industry to advance the general sum of rational improvement.

From the material to the moral world, you may always reason by analogy. If you study the theory of revolutions, you will not fail to observe that, wherever, in constructing your barrier, you employ ignorant engineers, who have not duly calculated the depth and velocity of the current ; whenever you raise your dam to such a height that no flood will carry away the waste waters ; whenever you talk of finality to the torrent, saying, thus long shalt thou flow and no longer ; whenever you put upon your power a larger wheel than it can turn—you are slowly but surely preparing for that flood which will overwhelm your work, destroy your mills, your dams, and your engines ; in a word, you are the remote cause of a revolution.

This is the danger into which all aristocracies of power are prone to fall ; the error of democracies is, to delight in the absolutism of liberty ; but thus it is with liberty itself, that true dignity of man, that parent of all blessings : absolute and uncontrolled, a tyranny beyond the power to endure itself, the worst of all bad masters, a fool who is his own client ; restrained and tempered, it becomes a wholesome discipline, a property with its rights and its duties, a sober responsibility, bringing with it, like all other responsibilities, its pleasures and its cares ; not a toy to be played with, nor even a jewel to be worn in the bonnet, but a talent to be put out at interest and enjoyed in the unbroken tranquility of national thankfulness and peace.

Another defect in the aristocracy of power, is, the narrow sphere of their sympathies, extending only to those they know, and are familiar with ; that is to say, only as far as the circumference of their own limited circle. This it is that renders them keenly apprehensive of danger close at hand, but comparatively indifferent to that which menaces them from a distance.—Placed upon a lofty eminence, they are comparatively indifferent while clouds obscure, and thunder rattles along the vale ; their resistance is of a passive kind, direc-

ted not to the depression of those beneath them, nor to overcome the pressure from above, but to preserve themselves in the enviable eminence of their position, and there to establish themselves in permanent security.

As a remedy for this short-sightedness, the result of their isolated position, the aristocracy of power is always prompt to borrow from the aristocracy of talent that assistance in the practical working of its government which it requires. They are glad to find safe men among the people to whom they can delegate the cares of office, the annoyances of patronage, and the odium of power; and, the better to secure these men, they are always ready to lift them among themselves, to identify them with their exclusive interests, and to give them a permanent establishment among the nobles of the land.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE BAND OF THE FORTY-SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES.

"Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this."
"That's a lie, for I invented it myself.—SHAKESPEARE.

"Wherefore this halt, Diego?" said Don Matthias de Castro, thrusting his head from the window of a huge, ill-contrived leathern vehicle, the hindmost of three similarly constructed conveyances, which, attended by a couple of dozen horsemen, armed to the teeth, had just at that moment come to a stand-still in a mountain pass of the Pyrenees.—"Wherefore halting here, and be d—d to them, Diego?" cried the irascible Hidalgo. "Ride to the front, sirrah, and order the headmost carriage to push forward as quickly as possible. We're in the worst part of this ugly road; and the Seven-and-forty, as thou well knowest, infest the neighborhood. Spur on, sir!—This is no place to be caught napping in."

"I will so," said the attendant, spurring and lashing his horse amongst the press; for the road being sandy, with high rocks on either hand, the horseman and vehicles, from the anxiety of the rear to get forward, had become somewhat confused and jammed together. "Out of the way there!" cried Diego, "clear the road, and let me to the front, men! Get on there, can't you? What hinders us? Forward, I say! The general's angry at this halt."

The beautiful Elvira de Mendoza, leaning back in the vehicle in which she was seated beside her guardian, the beforesaid Don Matthias de Castro, hid her peerless features in her hands, as the vivid flashes of the forked lightning darted through the front windows of the vehicle they were

passengers in, and displayed the rocks, precipices, and hanging woods they were surrounded by, brightly as though, for the moment, a hundred flambeaux had suddenly flashed through the forest scene.

"Get on, sirs!" roared the incensed noble, once more thrusting his impatient head from the window. "D—, s.r! move on! Drive over those men in front, coachman, if they don't choose to move out of the way! Fire and fury! why don't you move on, you scoundrels?"

"May it please your lordship," said the serving-man, Diego, from the place where he was now jammed up amidst the press, "we can't stir a peg to the front. The pass is choked up here in the narrowest part; a large number of broken-down carts and tumbrils are before us, and the men are dismounting to remove the obstruction.—The night, too, is so dark, Seignior, that, but for the lightning, we should not have found out what opposed our progress."

"Let them not dismount!" roared Don Matthias. "Bid them stand to their arms: we shall be attacked here. I thought how it would be! Here, let me out this instant!"

So saying, the Hidalgo seized a pistol from his waist-belt, kicked open the door of the carriage, jumped into the road, and, plucking forth his toledo, made for the front of the cavalcade.

"Halloo there!" roared a voice louder than the thunder-clap,—"halloo there!—Who dares remove our baggage, and disturb our bivouac? Shoot them, Matteo! fire, men, upon the scoundrels! Char-r-ge!"

No sooner had the words rang out from amongst the carts and waggons which obstructed the advance of the travellers, than, from front, and rear, and flank, the carriages and escort were assailed. Forty-seven bullets whistled amongst the belated travellers, forty-seven swords leaped from their scabbards into the air, and forty-seven ruffians, clad in back, breast, and head-piece, dashed upon the affrighted and helpless party.

A short, rapid, and murderous combat instantly ensued. The horses of the vehicles were slaughtered like cattle in the shambles; the drivers and footmen were cut down, and hurled beneath the wheels; the escort, unable to make much resistance, were dragged from their horses, and dealt with to a man; the male passengers within the carriages were killed almost before they could set foot upon the ground; and Don Matthias de Castro, a general in the Spanish service, after fighting for full five minutes like an infuriated tiger, died amidst the hoofs of the horses of his own serving-men.

Almost before the confusion was over, the female passengers of the three vehicles were dragged, fainting, from their seats,

and became the prey of the banditti. A ferocious ruffian, with the proportions of an Aberdeen porter, and a beard like a copse of brushwood, had possession of the radiant, exquisite, and unmatched Elvira de Mendoza,—she, for whose slightest glance all the cavaliers in Madrid were dying, was now the hopeless and insensible captive of Roderigo Rapsalliano—a bleary-eyed, broad-shouldered villain—the lieutenant of the band of the Forty-seven.

Torches now also flashed from the clefts and crevices of the rocks, which immediately overhung that part of the road where this onslaught had taken place; and in a few minutes more the vehicles were sacked, and, as it were, almost turned inside out. Trunks and packages were strewn about, rich apparel torn from them, jewels and gold sparkled in the sand, and, in fact, a scene ensued which only the pencil of a Salvator could have done justice to. Of the passengers, and escort attendant upon the three carriages, which had a few minutes before entered the mountain-pass, not one, except some half dozen hapless females, remained living to tell the tale; whilst the lurid glare of the flaming branches of pine, carried by some ten or a dozen miscreants, who had till now lain in ambush, flashed from the steel hauberks of their comrades, displaying their savage visages, in contrast to the grim and death-stamped features of the victims whom they had butchered, and who, almost heaped together, lay bleeding amidst their wounded steeds and overthrown vehicles.

The captain of the banditti was the only one of his party who remained inactive whilst the band was engaged in plunder. Sitting on his horse, a little aloof from the scene, he watched for a few minutes their proceedings. After wiping his trenchant blade upon the leather sleeve of his doublet, he sheathed the weapon, and, moving up to the spot where his lieutenant was at that moment engaged in conveying the inanimate form of the Lady Elvira from her carriage, he bade him, in a stern voice, call off some of the men from plunder, and bring the captured females instantly before him.

Roderigo, who had just begun to eye the lovely creature in his arms with the wonder of a savage who sees beauty for the first time, upon this order, placed her upon the ground beside him, and, grasping his bugle, wound half a dozen notes upon it, as a sort of call for certain of the band to rally around him.

'I'll take charge of your prize for you, comrade,' said a man, stepping up close beside him, and extinguishing with his foot the torch which Roderigo had thrown to the ground, when he had placed Elvira upon the bank,—'I'll take charge of your prize, whilst you attend to the captain's

order; leave her with me here for the moment.'

'Not so,' returned the lieutenant gruffly; 'mind your own affairs. She's mine—I'll not quit her. What devil made you put out the light? Attend me to the trysting-tree.'

So saying, he turned, and stooped to raise and bear off his victim; but a deadly thrust met him as he did so, and the blow taking effect in his bull-neck, just above the cuirass, he fell dead without a groan.

In another moment the lady was seized in the powerful arms of this new assailant, thrown across a steed like a sack of flour, and silently and quickly conveyed into the thickest part of the forest.

This transfer of the beautiful Elvira had been so quickly made, and the banditti were so fully occupied with the business in hand, that he who had thus obtained possession of the greatest prize had some little time for a fair start before the incident became known, and he, accordingly, made the best use of it. Leading his horse into a gorge of the mountain, along which a small rivulet formed its pebbly bed, and in whose murmur the hoof-tread of the steed was drowned, he pushed on with caution and dispatch. After hurrying onwards for some few hundred paces, his further progress was stayed by coming to the end of the gorge, a huge flat rock rising, like a wall of alabaster, before him, from whose high top the waters flowed; whilst the narrow crevices on either hand were so precipitous, and overgrown with brushwood, that, cumbered as he was with the inanimate form of the lady, it was extremely hazardous to adventure down. Pausing for an instant to listen, he found that his exploit was detected, and that several of the band were dispersed in pursuit. He heard plainly the rapid approach of horsemen up the path he had just traversed. Dismounting the lady, he turned his horse's head into the opening on his right, and striking him smartly with his rapier, the steed plunged into the ravine; he then took the weapon between his teeth, and descending into the little basin into which the cascade fell, he immediately rushed through the torrent, and entered a small cavern, or grotto, on the other side,—a place so effectually concealed by the falling stream, and requiring so much resolution to reach it, that, unless some fortuitous accident had discovered it, no one would possibly conjecture its existence.

When the lady awoke to consciousness, the situation in which she was placed was sufficiently startling and alarming. She found herself reclining upon the hard floor of a capacious cavern, amidst the roar of waters, which, falling over its entrance, threw their spray over her masked cheek. A small lamp hung in a recess at the fur-

ther end, and at the entrance stood a tall figure, his drawn rapier being grasped in one hand, and a petronel in the other.

Hastily parting the long tresses from before her eyes, as recollections of the horrid slaughter she had so recently witnessed flashed across her brain, she continued to gaze upon the dark form before her, and which stood with its back towards her, without being able to find words to utter a single sentence. After a while, the fixed sentinel at the cavern's mouth, slowly and quietly quitting his guard, turned round and approached her; and Elvira, casting herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, besought his pity and protection in accents of despair and horror. The stranger was a tall, stately, and noble-looking man; so much the Lady Elvira discovered by the feeble glimmer of the lamp which hung in the recess of the grotto the moment he turned towards her. He stooped, and, raising her from the ground, addressed her in words of comfort and re-assurance. If, as she surmised, he *was* the captain of the robbers, he at least showed symptoms of some nurture, and there was a grace and dignity in his deportment which bespoke him descended from a better and more honorable station.

'Be of good comfort, madam,' he said; 'I trust that the immediate danger has passed. You have been fortunate in having escaped the clutches of the Forty-seven,—a horde of the most infernal miscreants that ever infested the Pyrenees!'

'Merciful heaven!' cried Elvira, 'then I am *not* in the power of that dreadful band?'

'You are not, lady,' he returned. 'My presence near the scene of your disaster enabled me to render you the service I have done in rescuing you.'

'To whom am I indebted for so daring and so humane an act?' eagerly inquired the lady. 'Oh! tell me your name, gallant stranger, that I may ever remember it in my orisons.'

'Ask it not, madam,' said he, 'lest you return the trifling service I have been so fortunate as to render you, by giving me a pang sharp as the stiletto of the bravo from whose power I even now snatched you. I am nameless, madam, but not homeless. I have a refuge not far from this place, where, Heaven willing, I will convey you in safety. Suffice it, I am no robber, but a knight of Alcantara; and my vow enjoins me to the assistance and protection of beauty in distress. Circumstances have made me ram up my gates for ever from the world; but your hapless condition must absolve me from breaking through a resolution I had formed to mingle with mankind no more.'

'And my guardian, and our attendants?' said Elvira, covering her face with her

hands. 'Have I no companion in my escape?'

'They are past help, lady,' he returned. 'We must not think of them, since we need all our energies to avoid the perils which still surround us, and reach the refuge which I hope remains. 'Tis not often, nay, I believe this to be the first time, that the Forty-seven have ventured into this part of our mountains; and it would be well for us to remain in concealment here till morning dawns; but I fear the stream is becoming more swollen by the present storm, in which case we might be imprisoned, and perhaps starved to death, in a living tomb; since *then* it would be impossible to pass out without being beaten down and killed in the attempt.'

So saying, the cavalier once more bade her have no fear of his fidelity; and, saying that it would be necessary for him to reconnoitre before he dared remove her from concealment, and pursue their journey, he prepared to leave the cavern.

'Should I not return in one hour, lady,' said he, 'remain here no longer, but follow my example; dash through the water-fall, and gain the opposite bank; that done, conceal yourself in the ravine upon your left till day breaks, continue then along it for a couple of miles, and in the woods before you you will behold the turrets of my chateau; give this token (my signet-ring) to the sentinel who challenges, and you will be admitted. If I live, I will return hither in a quarter of an hour. Should I fail, this is your only chance.'

Then leaping through the torrent, he left the lady alone in the cavern. For the first few minutes after Elvira was left in solitude in this strange refuge, she felt inclined to follow the example of the mysterious stranger, and endeavor to escape both from him and the sort of grave in which she was entombed by rushing through the waterfall which thus seemed to shut her out from the world. One moment she gazed with horror at the roaring cascade, which, in the darkness visible of the flickering lamp, looked black as ink; and the next she reflected upon the doubtful character of him who professed himself her protector. What if, after all, he should prove a member of the banditti, who had thus conveyed her to his lurking-place for his own sinister ends? The thought was dreadful! She doubted whether she possessed strength to struggle through the torrent, and paused as she was about to make the attempt. Then, again, the frank and noble bearing of her champion, and his apparent devotion in thus venturing from the cavern in her cause, reassured her, and she resolved to obey his instructions, and bide the hour and the event.

Wet, and shivering with the damp air of her prison-house, she wrapped herself in

the embroidered cloak which the stranger had placed her upon on their first entrance, and, seating herself on the rock, patiently awaited his coming, and, before many minutes had passed, he leaped breathless to her side.

'Quick, lady!' said he; 'there is no time now to lose. We have no foe to encounter in our path; but the waters are on the increase, and that which was even now our safety, will in a short time prove our greatest danger.'

With these words, he seized her in his arms, and, once more darting through the falling stream, they stood the next moment in safety in the glen. Then setting her on her feet, he took her hand, and led her down the ravine.

The two miles he had mentioned to her, in the rocky and overgrown path they pursued, were as much as ten in any ordinary road, and frequently the stranger was compelled to carry his companion over the dangerous ground. With the calmness of a stoic, however, and the true duty of a loyal knight, the stranger performed his task; and, at length halting in the forest, he pointed to a solitary light before them, and cheered his wearied fellow-traveller with the news that their haven was in sight. Elvira now found herself under the walls of a lone and melancholy-looking building, situated in the depths of the forest.

The storm had nearly passed away, and as the clouds rolled beneath the moon, the battlements showed black as the thick woods around them. The night-breeze sighed drearily as the stranger, pausing before this ominous-looking place, glanced cautiously around him, whilst the wolf howling in the forest was answered by the owl in the tower. It seemed, in short, the very situation for the strong hold of a robber-band; and, accordingly, the lady was once more seized with feelings of dismay and distrust. She shuddered whilst she gazed upon the dark building before her, and almost dreaded to hear her conductor propose to her to enter its walls. There was something singularly cold and stern, too, in his manner, since they had left the shelter of the cavern. He had scarcely addressed a word to her as he hurried onwards; and, although it is true that he had aided her, and given every assistance along the difficult path they had traversed, still his manner had been rather that of a guard to his captive, than of an attendant escort upon a damsel in distress. However, there was now no choice in the matter; she felt that she must embrace the fate of the hour, be it for good or evil; she was in the power of her conductor, and to heaven she committed her future fate.

After pausing for a few moments, the

cavalier took his bugle in hand, and wound a faint and long-drawn blast thereon; it was instantly replied to by a sort of echo from within the walls. A few minutes more, and the clash and clatter of arms resounded through the building, lights flashed from its loop-holed towers, a sentinel challenged from the gate-house, the draw-bridge was lowered, and, taking his companion by the hand, the mysterious cavalier entered his ominous-looking dwelling house.

Elvira observed that they passed through a tolerably strong body of men-at-arms, who stood enranked within the first barrier, and who did the honors to her conductor pretty much in the same style that the turned-out guard of a garrison in the present day presents arms to the commandant. A sort of major-domo also met them within the court-yard, and, ushering them into the hall of the building, bowed, and withdrew. The hall of the castle, or chateau, to which the lady now found herself introduced, was of ample dimensions, and (for that rude age) displayed a considerable share of comfort, as well as feudal state. An ample fire glowed upon the hearth; a massive table stood before it; and wine, together with more solid refreshments, seemed as though they had been prepared for expected guests. Banners of ancestral chivalry, also, floated from the roof on each side; suits of armor 'hung unscour'd by the wall,' whilst arms of various denominations also festooned and ornamented the apartment, numerous enough to furnish forth an infantry regiment of modern times.

The cavalier, doffing his high-crowned beaver, formally welcomed his lovely guest to his strong hold.

'It gives me pleasure, madam,' said he, 'in your favor to break through a firm resolve, never to taste the pleasures of the world, or open my gates in the way of hospitality again. The peculiar circumstances of your situation, however, absolve me from my oath, and all I possess in this wild domain is at your service. I must, however, premise to you, that the same circumstances which have made me a recluse here will also imprison you within these walls for an indefinite period, since the dangers with which I am at present surrounded will not permit of my offering you the protection of my own escort, or suffer me to part with any of my retinue. Suffice it, whilst beneath this roof that your comfort shall be cared for, and all your wants supplied.'

In saying this, the cavalier proceeded to offer the Lady Elvira the refreshments of which she stood in some need; and, summoning an attendant, desired that the evening meal should be instantly served, whilst a chamber was being prepared for

her. Hot and savory viands were accordingly brought in, as an addition to the supper, by a train of serving-men, at one end of the hall: whilst from the door at its other extremity issued what the lady at first supposed was a funeral procession, since it consisted of some half a dozen females clad in sable suits, and veiled from head to foot.

They advanced to the table, and remained stationary, as if waiting for leave to sit down, and partake of the repast prepared.

The cavalier, whose brow had grown black as midnight so soon as he became aware of this accession to the party, was about to invite the Lady Elvira to a seat, when the loud and repeated blast of a bugle without the walls suddenly arrested his attention. Making a sign to the attendant steward, that functionary left the apartment, in order to ascertain the meaning of such summons, and, quickly returning, announced that two strangers, who had, apparently, been attacked by some of the Forty-seven, and who were, moreover, belated and bewildered in the mountains, craved admittance and harborage within the walls. After some slight struggle, apparently between his firm resolve and his hospitality, the stern cavalier gave orders for their being conducted to his presence.

The new accession to the party consisted, as had been mentioned, of two cavaliers; and both were as far from the common run of chance-wayfarers as it was possible to conceive. Both were clad in rich travelling suits, such as the wealthy merchant, or, indeed, the noble of that period, might be supposed to travel in.— Their equipage, however, showed both tokens of a recent fray, and a foul and a toilsome journey. They advanced into the room, with all that dignity and bearing which belongs to men accustomed to mingle with the nobles of the land; and the first words they spoke of apology for their necessary intrusion, proclaimed by their accent that they were Englishmen.

The taller, and more bulky of the two, seemed to assume the lead, although not the least superiority over his more quiet and dignified companion, about whom there was, indeed, a presence and high bearing which claimed respect and homage at the first glance: and accordingly, his more free and assuming comrade was unregarded in his presence, and the attention of the host instantly bestowed upon the younger and quieter of the new comers.

After the first greetings were over, the cavalier craved the name and condition of his guests, and bade them welcome to his chateau.

'They were English merchants,' they said, 'on their way to Madrid. In crossing from the French frontier, they had been

assailed by an outlying party of the banditti, separated from their friends and attendants, and lost in the depths of the forest.'

The cavalier, upon this explanation, invited both to assume a place at his board; and the overbearing style of the taller stranger called forth a caution and reproof from the host before the viands were tasted.

'By Saint George,' said he, 'as soon as he threw himself into the seat next the Lady Elvira, 'but I am agreeably surprised here, Sir Hidalgo. In seeking a refuge within these thick-ribbed walls, I thought we should be doomed to the companionship of some half-a-dozen old-faced ancients, a captain of a detachment, and mayhap, some four or five companies of men-at-arms; here, however, have we stumbled upon a whole sisterhood of Carmelites; for so these veiled sisters appear to mine eyes; and, did not this heavenly vision by my side entirely enthrall my senses, 'fore heaven; but, cold and hungry as your mountain-fastnesses have rendered us, I swear to thee I should be altogether as anxious for the removal of these envious veils I see before me, as to partake of the good cheer your hospitable board is laden with.'

'In good time,' returned the haughty Spaniard, 'your wish will be gratified, stranger. Meanwhile, perhaps I had better inform you, since you have thrust yourself upon my privacy, and claim the hospitality and protection of my roof, that, to offer interruption to, or in any way to seek the meaning of, that which you may chance to think either out of the common course of every day occurrences, or extraordinary, whilst you honor me by this visit, may be visited upon you by my stern displeasure, and might end in the violent and sudden death of him who presumes to offer such insult.'

So saying, the cavalier signed to the lady, who appeared the principal of the veiled votaries, to seat herself at the table, the remainder, turning to the right-about, went out of the apartment solemnly as they had entered it. The steward touched the dishes with his white wand, in signal to the serving-men to uncover, and the meal proceeded. The reply of the stern looking host to the sally of the traveller was sufficiently startling; but that which followed yet more astonished the guests. As soon as the steward had caused the dishes to be uncovered, the host, in a stern voice, desired the mourner, who was seated opposite him, to unveil, and his guests beheld a face of such supassing beauty that their thoughts were altogether withdrawn from the viands set before them, and lost in its contemplation.

The two strangers, glancing at each other, thought that they 'ne'er had seen true

beauty till that night.' Whilst the Lady Elvira was as much touched by the deep melancholy and pallid hue of those chiselled features as astonished with their lovely expression. The grim Spaniard, however, quickly recalling them to the business of life, commanded their attention to the good cheer before them, and himself set an example. The English travellers, upon this hint, turned their attention from the lady to an olla podrida of savory flavor; the Lady Elvira swallowed the best part of a good-sized omelette; and, the mysterious and lovely mourner, after picking up a few grains of rice, and masticating them as leisurely as Amine, after she had feasted with the Goul, resumed her rigid and motionless demeanor.

The host, meanwhile, calling for wine, pledged his guests in a flowing goblet; after which, the steward, with some little form, brought from the side-table a vessel of a somewhat curious and horrid look, being a human skull, the orifices of which were covered with silver. Taking it from the hands of the steward, the host filled it with sparkling wine, rose from his seat, and offered it to the lady of the flowing-veil, who with trembling hand accepted, carried it to her lips, and drank from it; water was then brought to her in a silver ewer, in which she washed her hands and mouth, and, after curtseying to the master of the house, without noticing the remainder of the party, she turned, and left the apartment by the way she had entered.

This little episode was quite sufficient to disperse the mirth, if mirth there was, of any meeting. In the present instance it served to throw the whole party 'into most admired disorder.'

'Can such things be?' cried the bigger of the two Englishmen, starting to his feet. 'Now, by my knightly vow, I swear to thee, Sir Spaniard, that I hold thee a stain to thy nation, to treat that radiant and incomparable female after yonder hellish fashion. As a free born Englishman I require of thee sufficing reasons for your cruelty to the unhappy woman who has even now left the apartment.'

The countenance of the handsome Spaniard grew livid with concentrated rage, as, looking from one to the other of his English guests, he arose slowly from his seat, beckoned to his major domo, and whispered half a dozen words in his ear.

The younger and more dignified of the Englishmen also arose, and, with much grace, addressed the host.

'I cannot,' said he, 'permit so great an outrage to be enacted, sir, upon a defenceless woman, without also protesting against its propriety. We are your guests, here, 'tis true; but to sit tamely by, and, without comment, witness the loathsome torture to which you have this night sub-

jected that lady, were to proclaim ourselves either cowards, or participators in the act. It is my pleasure, sir, that you unfold yourself, and proclaim the meaning of the scene you have just now entertained us with.'

'Holy Saint Agatha: and is it even so? Your pleasure, quotha? Really, signiors,' said the Spaniard, with set teeth and clutched hands, 'you do me too much honor thus to interest yourselves with my poor household. Now, by our blessed lady,' he continued, as some half a dozen halberdiers entered the apartment, 'thou shalt rue this unmeasured insult, base-born islanders; before the hour has passed in which you have offered it. What ho! there! arrest these strangers.'

'We are thy guests, churl,' cried the larger traveller. 'Thou darest not, for very shame, lay hands upon us.'

'You ceased to deserve the hospitality you claim,' returned the Spaniard, 'when you meddled in the household affairs of your host. Hadst thou not sat at my board, I had poniarded ye on the instant.'

'The fig of Spain for your threats,' cried the Englishman, suddenly leaping upon, and seizing the Spaniard in his powerful grasp, at the same moment unsheathing his dagger, and holding it high in the air. 'Make but one motion, Sir Hidalgo, by way of signal to those men-at-arms of thine, and I flood the apartment with your blood. Dismiss the cut-throats from the presence, sirrah, before worse befall thee. We have fallen into evil company,' he continued, to his companion. 'Your royal highness, ahem, your worship, I would say, will do well to draw, and stand upon the defensive here. This is some robber's hold we have got into.'

It was in vain that the Spaniard tried to disengage himself from the gripe of his powerful assailant, whilst the men-at-arms were fain to stand aloof, lest the strong fellow, on their attempting to aid their commander, should give him the coup de grace in an instant, by stabbing him to the heart. The other Englishman also unsheathing his rapier, opposed himself to the serving-men and attendants.

The Hidalgo, therefore, quite cowed, and three parts throttled, was fain to cry peccavi, and signed to his men-at-arms to leave the apartment: upon which, the Englishman threw him from him, and drew his rapier. The Spaniard, also gathered himself up, plucked forth his toledo, and, bidding the attendants not to interfere, assailed his adversary with the rage and fury of a tiger: whilst the lesser traveller busied himself in comforting the Lady Elvira, and watching the progress of the duel.

It was of short duration. The hidalgo, mad with rage, rushed upon his adversary

with a thrust that, had it pierced him, would have pinned him to the wainscoting. The Englishman, however, put it aside; and in order to save himself from being closed with, dealt his enemy a downright, straight-handed, good old English blow in the teeth, the hilt of his rapier coming with such effect in his countenance, that he instantly took measure of his proportions upon the well polished oaken flooring of his ample hall.

'That's the English method of settling a foreign noble's hash,' he said, stepping up and putting his rapier to his throat. 'Yield thee, Sir Spaniard! and promise release to the captive female you have immured in these rocky mountains, or die the death! Nay, I'll teach thee to force ladies to pledge healths out of a dead man's skull. Tush! your highness, these foreign Counts and hidalgos are as plentiful as blackberries, and as insufferably proud, as they are beggarly and cruel hearted.'

The Lady Elvira now rushed forward, and throwing herself upon her knees, besought the Englishman to forbear all further hostility; he therefore resigned his opponent's sword, which he had mastered, and sheathing his own weapon, drew back and permitted the Spaniard to arise. The haughty Spaniard had found his level; his fiery spirit was tamed.

'You have the advantage, stranger,' said he; 'and albeit I might, by summoning my people, sacrifice you to my revenge and resentment; yet as I have even now heard you address your companion by a title which shows me I am among men of the highest rank, I will not pursue the quarrel, but on the contrary, am willing so far to grant your request, as to explain the circumstance which has set this quarrel abroad. Thus it is: In me, sir, you behold the most miserable of mortal men. In happier days I owned the name and title of Marquis de Castel Blastam. The lady whose cause you have advocated is my wedded wife. Unhappy was the clock that struck the hour in which she became so! That she is beautiful yourselves have witnessed; that she is of noble birth is no less true: and that I shall be able to vindicate myself from the charge of over severity towards her, is perhaps more doubtful. Yourselves shall judge me. This much, however, I may premise that whatever misery I have inflicted upon her, it must fall very short of that which her ill-conduct causes me hourly to suffer. In short then, signiors, twelve happy moons had barely waned, after I had gained her hand, when returning on the wings of love, somewhat unexpectedly to my home, after a hurried journey to Madrid, I beheld that which turned my heart to stone—my wife faithless! and the friend of my bosom a villian! Don Antonio de Cordova in-

stantly fell, pierced with a dozen stabs 'the least a death to nature; and as I was about to sacrifice the traitress, his paramour, my wife—*she whom you commiserate*, I was myself beaten to the earth, desperately wounded, and left for dead by some of the attendants of my sometime friend, who had rushed to his assistance, hearing the tumult of our encounter. To be brief, I gave my wife the life she begged; but my revenge conceived a punishment for her, which, like the misery she had inflicted upon me, might be more insupportable than death, to confine her in an apartment in this chateau. I hung up on its walls the skeleton of her gallant; and that she may be kept in perpetual remembrance of her crime, in place of a cup I force her to drink from the skull of the faithless friend she suffered herself to be seduced by. The traitress, by this means, sees two objects at her meals which ought to affect her most—a living enemy and a deceitful friend, both the consequence of her own guilt. Such signior, is my story, with this further circumstance that you behold me here, cooped up and surrounded by savage foes; inasmuch as both the friends and relations of him who fell by my hand, seeking my life, keep my chateau in a state of constant siege; whilst the connections, also of my wife, no less remorseless, have with gold purchased me the additional annoyance of being continually assailed by the horde of misereants infesting these mountains, and from their number, known by the name of *'The Forty Seven.'* As yet I have maintained my position, beat off my assailants, and escaped being slaughtered. To-night, whilst myself playing the spy upon the banditti, I was so fortunate as to rescue this lady from a fate worse than death; and now, sirs, if it is your wish to see and speak with the unhappy woman, my wife, I will conduct you to her.'

The offer being accepted, the English guests, together with the Lady Elvira, were forthwith conducted by their eccentric host into an elegantly-furnished chamber, where they found this 'mourning bride,' surrounded by her women.

'If madam,' said the taller stranger, addressing her 'your resignation and patience is equal to your punishment, and your repentance forms the product, I look upon you as the most extraordinary woman it has ever been my fortune to encounter; and I most strenuously advise that this worthy and injured nobleman should pity your sufferings, forgive your indiscretion, and once more receive you to his bosom.'

His companion, who from delicacy, had forborne addressing the lady, upon this ventured to approach, and second the motion.

'One sole motive,' said he 'in wishing to

intrude upon her sorrows, was to endeavor to procure a reconciliation.'

'And who then, gentlemen,' said the Spaniard, 'are you, who thus interest yourselves with my family matters, and advise me to such a measure?'

'I will confide to you my secret,' said the younger Englishman, now, for the first time, assuming the lead in the conversation; let it be however, upon honour, since I myself am about to seek a wife from among your Spanish damsels. Dismiss the attendants. I am Prince Charles of England.'

'And this rough signior?'

'Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,' returned the other. '*Parole d'honneur*, let the adventure go no further, for your own sake. I had you down, and might have ended you. Do you grant our request, Marquis de Castel Blastam?'

'I do,' returned the Spaniard. 'We'll to Madrid together.'

'Then bury your skeleton, and make an *auto-da-fe* of your drinking cup. Tush, man! for a thrust with my rapier, or a buffet with my fist, I am as unscrupulous as most men, but to force one's wife to swallow sour wine out of her innamorata's brain-pan! faugh! it makes me sick to think on't!

It would exceed the limits of this paper to wind up a tale. Suffice it, the lady of the veil had been too great a sufferer in mind to profit by the interference of English travellers.

'The life of all her blood was touch'd corruptibly.'

She died that night.

It is most impossible here to dilate at full upon the future career of the Lady Elvira de Castro, whether or not she became the Marchioness of Castel Blastam, and without having the fear of an ossified goblet constantly before her eyes, allowed her preserver from the Forty-seven to take her for his second, we cannot say. We may, however, presume such was the case, as it has been handed down to a particular friend of ours by his great grandfather's son, that the Marquis and Marchioness de Castel Blastam danced in the same set with Prince Charles and the infant of Spain, at Madrid that very season.

THE MASK.

Unveil'd, unmask'd—not so, not so!

Ah, thine are closer worn
Than those which, in light mockery,
One evening thou hast borne.

The mask and veil which thou dost wear
Are of thyself a part;
No mask can ever hide thy face,
As that conceals thy heart.

Thy smiles, they sparkle o'er thy brow,
Like sunbeams to and fro:
But no one in their light can read
The depths that lurk below.

The tears, how beautiful they shine
Within thy large dark eyes!
But who can tell what is the cause
From whence those tears arise?

E'en as thy curls are trained to fall
Around thy angel face;
So every look thy features wear
Is tutor'd in its grace.

No eager impulses ever fling
Their warmth upon thy cheek;
No varying hues, from red to pale,
Thy inward feelings speak.

Thine atmosphere is festival,
Thy hand is on the lute—
And lightest in the midnight dance
We see thy fairy foot.

The many deem this happiness—
I see it is a task:
Young without youth, gay without mirth,
Thine is the veil and mask.

I mark thy constant restlessness,
Thy eagerness for change;
I know it is the wretched one
Who thus desires to range.

And thou dost flee from solitude
As if a fiend were there,
And in communion with thy thoughts
Find more than thou canst bear.

Slight are the signs by which I put
Thy mask and veil aside,
And look upon thy wounded love,
And on thy wounded pride.

'Tis not for one, proud, fair, like thee,
To perish, or to pine;
A higher lot is cast for thee—
A higher will is thine.

Oh misery! to keep the heart
Lone, like some sacred fane,
And when it owns its deity,
Find it was own'd in vain.

Yet, far worse misery to know
Our faith no veiled thing:
Methinks that we can bear the pain,
If we can hide the sting.

Pity from all the common herd,
Whom most we must despise—
Perish the sigh upon the lips,
The tear within the eyes?

Alas! what depths of wretchedness
The human soul can know!
How bitterly the waters taste,
Which seem in light to flow!

For love and hope, those leaves that give
Their sweetness to the wave,
Flung with no blessing, lose their charm,
And find the stream their grave.



Andrew Sagers, Esq.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE "DONE BROWN."**THE BOY.**

Betty Watson, familiarly called Mother Watson, in the dingy court in which she tenanted a single room, was one of those kind-hearted, charitable creatures, who to the honor of human nature, are so frequently met with among the poorer classes. There was not one of the fifty souls who dwelt within the confined limits of the crowded court but esteemed her. Men, women, and children, all felt the influence of her beneficence; for true goodness of heart is like the purest gold, the smallest portion is capable of being spread over an almost incredible surface. She was a physician, and literally gave her advice and prescriptions to the sick; and nurse and apothecary, to boot, to all the children in their little ailments. She was a judicious pacificator in all family squabbles; and rendered many a home happy by reclaiming a

drunken husband; for the least worthy among the men respected her for the many obligations they owed her, and feared her reproofs.

Although an illiterate woman, she had a perfect consciousness of what was right, and generally addressed a delinquent, or a straggler from the path of duty, in a style which partook more of the boldness of truth than the delicate fencing of a refined rhetoric. In fact, "a talking-to" from Mother Watson seldom failed in its object; for, even "the brute" who could beat his wife, listened to the kind old woman, who was ever ready to do a good turn for a neighbour, with, at least, a dogged respect.

There are, indeed, more real charity, and more sincere gratitude among the lower orders than the rich suspect. Besides, the services, and they were many, which she rendered her neighbours, Mother Watson had won the good opinion of all by adopting and bringing up an orphan boy, only four years old, whose parents had fallen victims to the scarlet fever, which had prov-

ed very fatal in the densely-populated court, in despite of the exertions of the good old creature.

"I couldn't abear," said she, with tears in her eyes,—*"I couldn't abear that the poor little innocent should go the work'us, to be banded about from one to t'other.—Besides, I'm obligated, in a manner, to keep the poor thing; for, I promised them both that while Mother Watson could yarn a crust, their baby shouldn't want a morsel—poor dears! I thought their hearts would ha' busted when they said 'God bless you!'* and I dropped on my knees, and prayed that I might have health and strength to keep my promise! and, thanks be to Providence! I have never wanted."

Mother Watson was only a laundress, and hard did she toil in her laborious vocation to "make both ends meet;" but she went to her task with a good will, and she was enabled to surmount all her difficulties. Little Andrew was blest with a robust constitution, and soon became a sturdy boy; his inclination for "larning" was, however, almost on a par with the good woman's means of providing him with it; and being herself illiterate, she had no means of testing his ability or progress, although she "preached" to him continually of the value of education.

Andrew was, unfortunately, of a surly and sullen disposition, and very much disposed to have his own way in everything; and, as he was not her own child, although she was "more than a mother" to him, she unwisely, but from kind motives, "spared the rod" when the refractory boy most richly deserved it.

Arrived at the age of thirteen, and possessing only a smattering of reading and writing, Betty pointed out the necessity of his giving up "buttons and marbles," and turning his attention to the propriety of endeavoring to earn an honest livelihood!

Having a genteel preference for idleness, and an aristocratic horror of servitude in any shape, Master Andrew merely answered her with an indignant frown, and remained at home all day, gloomy, savage, and thoughtful. It must be confessed that the good creature herself was nervous and "fidgety," as she said, at the idea of his first going out into the wide world; but possessed, at the same time, such a correct sense of the necessity, that she tried "high and low" to get him a place, and at last succeeded in recommending him as an errand-boy to a shop, where, for several years, she had done the "washing."

Her recommendation was sufficient; and, after schooling the unwilling cub, and setting him off to the best advantage, she introduced her protege, who was to receive his "victuals" for his services.

This was the first step; and he had not remained above six months in the employ-

ment before he scraped acquaintance with many lads of the same grade, and, his wits being sharpened by the collision, he spoke about bettering his condition, and getting some remuneration for his valuable services!

"Slow and sure!" said Mother Watson, yet inwardly pleased at his ambition. "We must crawl before we walk, and walk before we run, Andrew."

The "people" he was with, finding that he was diligent and useful, voluntarily gave him a shilling a week in addition to his board. This advance, however, instead of satisfying his selfish disposition, only induced him to believe that he "was worth something;" which, translated into plain English meant that he was worth a great deal more than he got; and, in the course of six months more, he applied for, and obtained a situation at a broker's in the "Lane," where he received five shillings a week, and "kept himself;" that is, Mother Watson fed and clothed him, and he kept or spent his allowance upon himself; for, as she afterwards declared, "she never in her born days saw the color of his money."

THE MAN.

The atmosphere of the Stock Exchange had a wonderful influence on the boy.

He suddenly became "mannish," and talked of his "prospects;" and he had scarcely been two years in the situation before the gambling spirit of the place tempted him to make a venture—and he was fortunate!

"He made a matter of ten pound," as Mother Watson said, and she was very pleased, although she derived no benefit from his speculation. Emboldened by the result of his first attempt, he risked his all—and won again! yes! Andrew Saggors was actually worth fifty pounds!

And this was the last time that he condescended to impart to the kind-hearted creature, who had most disinterestedly rejoiced in his good fortune, the success of his daring speculations, for he incontinently quitted his employer, and his kind nurse and guardian, and took a lodging; and did not even employ the old woman, whom he termed an "old bore," to wash for him.

"She wanted nothing of him, poor dear!" as she said; "but she thought it was rather hard, too, after what she had done for him, that he should take no notice whatsoever of the old 'oman!"

At the period at which our veritable history commences, the fluctuation in the stock-market was very great, and many a beggar "was set upon horseback;" and Andrew was one of those, who, having neither character or fortune to lose, dashed boldly forward, and was successful;—whereas, had he failed, he would have been deemed a great rogue.

For several years poor Betty Watson sought in vain to ascertain the "whereabout" of Master Andrew; "not that she wanted anything of him," as she often reiterated, "but she felt anxious about his welfare; altho' he might have thought of the old woman as nursed him, and brought him up like from the egg-shell, as it were!"

At last, she discovered that he had an office, (for she could not read,) and ventured to inquire after him. Three or four pert and important clerks were in the place.

"Is Mr. Andrew at home?" inquired she rather flustered at finding herself in such a fine office.

"Mr. Saggars, do you mean?"

"Yes, Mr. Saggars," said she, collecting her scattered senses.

"His carriage has just driven from the door," was the reply.

"In a carriage!—goodness gracious me!" mentally exclaimed the old woman.

"If you want to see Mr. Saggars, you must be here at ten in the morning. Is it business? What's your name?"

The old woman sighed. "If you please, sir, tell him Betty Watson just called,—that's all!" And she retreated, while the clerk winked at his fellows, who burst into a loud laugh.

Of course they never mentioned the "call" of such a "person" to Andrew Saggars, Esquire, who was reported to be worth fifty thousand pounds!—an omission which was certainly of no importance; for the great man would have disdained to have recollected such a "poor devil;" although she did not seek him from any interested motives, but merely from a romantic feeling that he was the (unworthy) child of her adoption.

Saggars was indeed a rich man,—a sordid, selfish, low-minded fellow, who was unworthy the affectionate solicitude of the poor washerwoman, who thanked Providence she wanted for nothing, and shed bitter tears when she thought on his ingratitude.

As for Saggars, he was a perfect type of the "beggar on horseback;" despised by his clerks and servants for his rude language and overbearing conduct, and only endured by those who "could make anything of him." He feasted many, but had no friends. He only invited those to his table whom he wished to dazzle by his display; and, when they quitted him, they only laughed at, or envied him the possession of the means with which a series of fortunate speculations had supplied him.

He was, in truth, a very shallow, narrow-minded, vulgar man, with a domineering spirit, who delighted in playing "first fiddle" at his own board.

That same daring spirit of speculation, however, which had so suddenly elevated him above his natural level, being still

more restlessly pursued, he rapidly descended from the height to which "luck," and not judgment, or honest industry, had raised him.

He was, in fact, a gambler, and experienced in the highest degree the successes and reverses of that unamiable character.

THE PAUPER

Like the rush of a rocket was the rise of Andrew Saggars; and the beholders of his rapid and brilliant career turned up their eyes in wonder and envy; but, even with the same velocity did he now descend after the "powder" was expended. His case was in every point like the aforesaid firework, and he fell from his artificial elevation as empty and worthless!

A defaulter to a considerable amount, he "waddled" out of the "Alley," and was to be seen for awhile among the seedy knot of paltry gamblers assembled in one corner of the Royal Exchange, trying his luck in Poyais, or any other "scrip," varying in amount from three pence to a shilling!—But the tide was against him, and he rapidly drifted on the shoals of poverty.

He became a beggar, and solicited alms from those who had known him in palmier times, when he "tooled" his pair of "greys" with ostentatious display to his office-door every morning. Few pitied, many despised, and none esteemed him; for he possessed no virtues or sympathies with his former associates.

With an old greasy hat over his eyes, a brown-black kerchief about his neck, a tattered suit, and almost shoeless feet, he might be seen lurking about the piazzas, now and then raising his hand to his hat in speechless supplication to some former pal in the Stock Exchange; and sometimes the "poor devil" got a sixpence or a shilling tossed at him by one who was following in the same career in which he had once shone—"making money like dirt."

His most constant and really charitable friends were the cads and coachmen of the various vehicles that thronged the north side of the Exchange, who frequently gave him pence, and sometimes treated him to a "go" at the bar of the "Edinburg Castle."

Too lazy to work, even had he had "character" enough for any employment, he gradually sank lower and lower in the scale of society.

With a pallid and unhealthy face, and a red nose,—for he was almost sustained by drink alone,—he sauntered about, and never was excited to anything like a movement, except a gentleman rode into the "Lane" on horseback, when he would compete with the tatterdemalion boys for the dubious service of holding the horse!

A severe winter, however, set in, and, ill fed and wretchedly clad, he shivered a-

bout for several days, until his trembling and feverish limbs could scarcely support his distempered body; and, one night, when he had no means of returning to his miserable lodgings, to herd with sturdier mendicants, at three pence per night, and fearing to die in the streets, he remembered the good old woman, and for the first time "wondered whether Mother Watson was still among the living," and had the boldness, in his desperate situation, to enter the court.

It was ten o'clock at night; his heart beat as he looked up to the well-known window—all was dark and still. His courage almost failed him; and, while he was debating in his mind whether he should knock at the door and inquire, a figure glided into the court, and proceeded to the door.

Covered up in an old duffle cloak, and a lantern in her hand, he beheld the well-known figure of his "more than mother."

"Betty!" he muttered, advancing towards her, "Betty!"

"Mercy on me!" cried the old woman, "what do you want, young man? Really now, you made my heart jump into my mouth, you did! What do you want?"

"Shelter!—I'm starving!—I'm dying with cold and hunger! Dear Betty!" continued he, bursting into tears, "have pity on me!"

"Who are you?" demanded the good-hearted creature, moved by his appeal.

"I am—I am!" replied he, almost suffocated with sobbing,—"your poor boy, Andrew, and I'm dying!"

"Merciful Providence!" cried the old woman, "and has it come to this? Oh, Andrew, how could you—"

But the wretched object of her early care heard no more. Overcome by weakness, and a feeling of unworthiness, he dropped senseless at her feet.

* * * * *

Hurt as the worthy Betty was by the neglect of the orphan she had cherished, all his errors and ingratitude were forgotten when she beheld her poor "boy Andrew," as she called him, helpless and deserted by all the world.

She nursed and succoured him in his sickness and extremity, with all the tenderness she would have bestowed on one more worthy of her maternal care; but he never rallied, only quitting the cradle of his infancy for the grave.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE TWO LIEUTENANTS.

A SKETCH OF THE YEAR 1628.

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

'Revenge is a kind of wild justice. . . . A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.'—BACON.

ONE evening in August, in the year 1628, the upper room of the tavern called 'The Anchor,' looking or Tower Hill, was filled with company, among which were several officers of foot, quartered in the Tower. Some of them had been drinking pretty freely, and their boisterous manners, hard swearing, and profane songs, seemed to be ill relished by half a dozen staid-looking citizens in one corner of the room. Among the officers was one who sat a little apart from the rest, and maintained a moody silence, taking no part in the revelry, though occasionally addressed by his military brethren with freedom, and by some with familiarity, especially by one who, like himself, wore the uniform of a lieutenant. This young man, of handsome features, and elegant figure, had exceeded his companions in his libations, and was talking and making more noise than any two of the company.

'Why, Jack!' cried he, addressing the silent officer, 'honest Jack, what makes thee so moody, man? Cheer up, cheer up, my heart? What saith thy favorite, Flaccus?'

—"non si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit."

He to whom this remonstrance was addressed raised his downcast eyes for a moment, glanced reprovingly at the speaker, and then resumed his look of abstraction.

'Well,' continued the young man, 'if you *won't* take a leaf out o' your favorite, 'tis not my fault. I've heard you say 'twas a good book for those out o' favor with Fortune. As for me, I'll laugh at grizly Care till he flee from me with the speed of Sir Tristram!—ha! ha! ha!'

'Silence! Sam Lovell!' cried one of the company; or, if thou wilt be uproarious, prithee, give us a song; we can then turn thy noise to some profit.'

'With all my heart!' replied the lieutenant. 'What shall it be? "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid?" or "Greene Sleeves?" or "The Tanner of Tedbury?" It matters not to me: but first let me call for a cool tankard; this wine hath made my throat like an oven. What ho! drawer! bring me a tankard of ale, and look ye, sirrah, that it be well stirred with an icicle!'

While the drawer was gone on his errand, Lovell took his purse, and, probing it with his fore-finger, extracted a small silver coin, the only one left therein.

'There's room for the Devil to dance in thee to-night,' said he, as if talking to himself. 'I must send thee to plead with my venerated uncle, Sir Timothy, who, I trow, will bestow on thee more curses than Caroluses. Well, never mind—"La speranza e il pan de' poveri," as my little master o' fence hath it; and I have lived upon it often.'

The ale was now brought, and he was about to raise the tankard to his lips, when he suddenly proffered it to his silent friend, who shook his head in token of refusal.

'Come, come, Jack,' said he imploringly, 'don't refuse to drink with thy old friend! It may be years before we meet again.'

'I drink to thy good fortune, Sam,' said the other, taking the tankard; then adding, in a low, subdued tone, 'tis the last time I shall drink with thee, I ween!'

Lovell heeded not this remark; perhaps he did not hear it; and his brother officers now called for the promised song.

'You shall have it,' said he, laughing, and finishing the ale. 'The whistle being whetted, you shall hear it anon. Remember to join in the burden.'

"'T was in the piping time of June,
When Nature was in merry mood,
The sparrow chirped upon the thatch,
The jay was chattering in the wood,
And gossips at my birth did say
My life would be one holiday.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy,
And strike me up a merry tune—
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!

"When boyhood came, I proved that they
Were right in this their prophecy:
I frolicked all the live-long day,
None was so gay, so blithe as I—
And, free as Nature's child should be,
'Twas summer always then with me.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy,
And strike me up a merry tune—
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!

"But when to man's estate I came,
And Fortune looked no longer fair,—
When old familiar friends grew shy,
Who whilom did my bounty share,
I quitted all, nor did I grieve
Such cold, unfeeling mates to leave.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy,
And strike me up a merry tune—
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!

"They tell us of an ancient wight,
Who, laughing always, Care defied—
Then, let not such ensample be
By moping moderns e'er decried—
For laughing—take this truth from me—
's the sum of all philosophy.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy,
And strike me up a merry tune—
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!"

'An excellent ditty!' cried the men of the sword. 'Twas surely made by thyself on thy mother's own son.'

'A fitting stave for one who is on the high road to perdition!' charitably grunt-

ed one of the aforesaid puritan-looking citizens; but the observation, luckily for him, was not heard.

The silent lieutenant here rose, drew on his gloves, and was leaving the room.

'What! going, honest Jack!' exclaimed Lovell; 'then I will bear thee company. Gentlemen! valiant cavaliers! give you good even!' And, taking the arm of his friend, he reeled out of the room.

'Sam!' sighed the elder of the two officers, as they got into the street, 'thou art always merry. Oh! for the light heart I once had! It is nigh breaking now!'

Lovell stopped short, and steadying himself by a post, which happened to be at hand, looked earnestly in his friend's face. 'Why, what now?' said he, assuming a serious air.

'The die is cast,' continued the other; 'my hopes are blighted: even that I cherished is fled: the Duke threw my letter into the fire, with a curse upon the writer!'

'How know you this?'

'I have it from good report.'

'Tush! I don't believe it! he will send for thee, some day, be assured.'

'Never!' exclaimed his friend bitterly; 'he is heartless and worthless, a hollow friend, a traitor to his country, a —'

'Whist! whist, man!' interrupted Lovell, taking his arm; 'these loiterers here may catch thy words, and bear them where they may work thee mischief.'

'They can work no mischief on a desperate man!' observed the other despairingly.

'Nay, nay; despair is for cowards! and thou hast a stout heart. Pluck up a spirit, and come with me, and try thy luck with the dice this evening.'

The elder officer smiled sarcastically.

'Why,' said he, 'if mine eyes deceived me not, I saw thee draw the last groat from thy purse.'

'Tut, tut,' replied Lovell, laughing; 'they will take my word of honor. I shall stake my week's pay—which, thou knowest full well, is the goodly sum of fourteen shillings for a poor lieutenant of foot; and if Fortune's my friend, why I may march away with as many broad pieces.'

'They will fleece thee'

'Nay, good Jack, I shall fleece them. Come with me, man, and thou shalt see me sweep the board—come.'

'I will not come: they will make thee a beggar, like myself, who am bankrupt of hope and fortune.'

'Then good even to thee. I will call at thy lodging to-morrow,' said the young lieutenant, and he strode away across Tower Hill.

His friend looked after him for a moment.

'Farewell,' he mentally ejaculated—

'thou hast a kind heart and a high spirit—but the accursed vices of gambling and drinking cleave to thee like rank weeds around a noble plant. Farewell—we shall meet no more in this world.'

While the younger of the two officers reeled away to the gaming-table, the other sauntered moodily into Barking churchyard, and entering the shop of a Jew, after a few minutes emerged from it without his sword. He then crossed the hill, and entered the Tower.

Scarcely half an hour had worn away, when the moody officer quitted the Tower by the postern-gate. With his hands folded behind him, and his eyes bent on the ground, he again crossed the hill, muttering to himself, and heeding nothing around him.

'The parliament are right,' soliloquized he: his sentence is pronounced, but who dare execute it? who will strike the blow? who dare wag his tongue? who dare raise a finger against this favorite of Fortune? this rank fungus, raised in the hot-bed of a corrupt court?

He ceased for a moment, and looked furtively around him, as if he suspected his musings might be overheard, and then continued:

'But what said the preacher at St. Faith's? "*Every man in a good cause is both judge and executioner of sin.*" Yet, fool that I am, I have parted with my weapon. Lo, yonder is a fitting one for my purpose.'

At the moment he uttered this, his eye fell on a glass case on the stall of a cutler, within which, among other instruments, was a knife, designed, as its shape denoted, more for some useful and peaceful purpose of every day life than as a weapon of offence, the blade and handle together being scarcely twelve inches in length.

'Goodman cutler,' said the officer, pointing with his finger to the knife, I would fain know thy price for that misshapen tool yonder.'

The shopkeeper, with a smirk, opened the glass case, and taking out the object thus designated, carefully wiped the blade with his leather apron, and handed it to the querist.

'Tis an excellent blade, sir,' said he, fashioned from a morsel of Spanish steel, and might be stricken through an oaken panel without snapping.'

'Ha! how know'st thou that?' asked the officer. 'Know'st thou anything of steel beyond thy craft?'

'I know a Bilboa-blade from a Flemish tuck, sir,' replied the cutler, drawing himself up to his full height, for he was somewhat doubled by age. 'I served under the Lord Essex in Ireland, in Queen Eliza-

beth's days, and have seen hard blows given, coming in for a share myself.'

'Good: then I will take thy word for its quality. What hast thou the conscience to ask for it?'

'Sixteen pence, sir,' was the reply. 'I'll not bate a farthing, even to the Prince, or the great Duke himself.'

A smile of dubious import illumined for a moment the rigid and sombre features of the customer: but they quickly relapsed into their former moody expression, while he drew from his purse, which appeared anything but plethoric, a shilling and a groat, which he threw down on the counter. He then pocketed the knife, and walked away.

The sun was rising in all his splendor, and the yellow corn waved to the gentle breath of a south wind, as a man of woe-begone aspect, in a thread-bare suit, of military cut, but without any weapon at his side, trudged wearily along the road leading to the town of Portsmouth. He was well powdered with dust, and seemed foot-sore with walking. It was the moody lieutenant, who had purchased the knife at the cutler's shop on Tower Hill. A sudden turning in the road brought him in sight of a ruined cross, upon the steps of which he covered his face with his hands, and remained for some moments as if lost in contemplation. So completely insensible was he to everything around, that a thunderbolt might have fallen near and not aroused him from his fit of abstraction. Two countrymen, proceeding along the road with their teams, passed a coarse joke upon the wayfarer—while a farmer's wife, as she trotted by, 'supposed it was one o' the Duke o' Buckingham's people, who hae strolled out, and got a leetle drap too much last night.'

We have said that the weary man heeded nothing around; but when the road was again clear, he raised himself from his recumbent posture, and looked vacantly about him.

'Shall I do it?' he muttered, 'shall I send him, with all his sins upon him, into that dread presence?' Then, after a pause, 'Pshaw, what means this trembling? Hath distress palsied my hand, and rendered me nerveless? I'll up and be doing. Come forth, thou only remedy for so great an evil! thou scalpel, that shalt excise this great moral cancer; and, if thou art true to thine owner, thou shalt be honored, ay, more than the sword of Arthur or Charlemagne.' He drew forth the knife from his bosom, and continued,—'Lo! on this monument of our forefathers' idolatry I'll fit thee for thee destruction of an idol, whose worshipers are more corrupt than those of Baal.'

With these words, he proceeded to im-

prove the point of the knife on the steps of the cross, which having accomplished, he placed it in his bosom, and, snatching up his walking-staff, walked towards the town.

Portsmouth was then, as it has been ever since, in time of war, a scene of bustle and preparation. The Duke of Buckingham was at his lodgings, and the fleet was on the point of sailing to the relief of Rochelle. As the travel-worn officer entered the town, the crowd around a certain house told where the Duke was staying; and it was with no small surprise that he saw emerge from it his friend, Sam Lovell, gaily appareled, and with the flush of excitement and expectation on his cheek. Lovell did not see him, and proceeded towards the harbour with a joyous step.

'Ha! Sam!' sighed the lieutenant, 'thy good looks and gallant bearing have done for thee what long service would have failed to procure.'

Persons were every moment passing in and out of the house, and the new-comer had no difficulty in finding ingress. He had scarcely entered, when footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the Duke, followed by Sir Thomas Friar, one of his colonels, descended into the passage.

'Farewell, my Lord Duke!' said Friar, bowing low.

'Farewell—farewell, honest Tom!' replied Buckingham, bending his tall and graceful figure, and embracing the colonel. He then attempted to draw aside the hangings which concealed the door of the parlour to which he was about to enter, when the intruder stepped forward, as if he would have performed the service; and with a single blow stabbed the Duke to the heart.

Not a word escaped the victim, who, with a gasp, drew the fatal weapon from the wound, and fell dead on the floor of the passage.

The consternation and tumult which followed this frightful deed may be imagined. Men were hieing in every direction in pursuit of the assassin, who, in the confusion, had walked away unmolested; the drums were beating, and the troops flew to arms. In the midst of the uproar, Lovell came running from the harbour, and with difficulty forced his way into the house. Directed by a violent uproar in the kitchen, he proceeded thither, and found it crammed with persons of all ranks; some of whom, with their swords drawn, were making passes at the assassin, who, though held and shaken by a dozen pair of hands, betrayed no fear of the impending danger.

With a feeling which he would have found it difficult to explain, but which, perhaps, originated in the very natural one that it would be unnecessary thus to dispatch a man already seized and disarmed,

Lovell drew, and struck up the threatening weapons, one of which flew over the head of its owner, Stamford, a follower of the Duke, who had nearly accomplished his purpose; but, as he did so, his eye glanced at the prisoner. Dashing his own weapon to the ground, he cried, with bitter emphasis,

'Merciful heaven! FELTON!' Then wringing his hands, he added, in accents which made even the assassin start and shudder, 'Oh, Jack! thou art damned for ever for this bloody deed.'

The sequel of this story need not be recapitulated; it is known to every reader of English history. The arrival of the homicide in London was greeted with acclamations by thousands of republican spirits, and his health was toasted in all the taverns—an indulgence which cost some of the drinkers their ears. Among these was Alexander Gill, (the son of Dr. Gill, master of Saint Paul's School,) the tutor of Milton; who, on three charges, one of which was the drinking the health of Felton, was heavily fined by the Star-Chamber, and condemned to that barbarous punishment!

[From the World of London, in Blackwood's Magazine.]

PRETENDERS TO FASHION.

We will venture to assert, that in the course of these essays on the aristocracies of London life, we have never attempted to induce any of our readers to believe that there was any cause for him to regret, whatever condition of life it had pleased Providence to place him in, or to suppose, for one moment, that reputable men, though in widely different circumstances, are not equally reputable. We have studiously avoided portraying fashionable life according to the vulgar notions, whether depreciatory or panegyric. We have shown that that class is not to be taken and treated of as an integral quantity, but to be analyzed as a component body, wherein is much sterling ore and no little dross. We have shown by sufficient examples, that whatever in our eyes makes the world of fashion really respectable, is solely owing to the real worth of its respectable members; and on the contrary, whatever contempt we fling upon the fashionable world, is the result of the misconduct of individuals of that order, prominently contemptible.

Of the former, the example is of infinite value to society, in refining its tone, and giving to social life an unembarrassed ease, which, if not true politeness, is its true substitute; and of the latter, the mischief done to society is enhanced by the

multitude of low people ready to imitate their vices, inanities and follies.

Pretenders to fashion, who hang upon the outskirts of fashionable society, and whose lives are a perpetual but unavailing struggle to jump above their proper position, are horrid nuisances; and they abound unfortunately, in London.

In a republic where practical equality is understood and acted upon, this pretension would be intolerable; in an aristocratic state of society, with social gradations pointedly defined and universally recognized, it is merely ridiculous to the lookers-on; to the pretenders, it is a source of much and deserved misery and isolation.

There are ten thousand varying shades and degrees of this pretension, from the truly fashionable people who hanker after the *exclusives*, or seventh heaven of high life, down to the courier out of place, who in a pot house, retails Debrett by heart, and talks of lords, and dukes, and earls, as of his particular acquaintance, and how and where he met them when on his travels.

The *exclusives* are a queer set, some of them not by any means people of the best pretensions to lead the *ton*. Lady L—and Lady B—may be very well as patronesses of Almack's; but what do you say to Lady J—, a plebeian, and a licensed dealer in money, keeping her shop by deputy in a lane somewhere behind Cornhill? Almack's, as every body knows who has been there or has talked with any observing *habitué* of the place, contains a great many queer, spurious people, smuggled in somehow by indirect influence, when royal command is not the least effectual: a surprising number of seedy, poverty-stricken young men, and in an inverse ratio, women who have anything more than the clothes they wear: yet by mere dint of difficulty, by the simple circumstance of making admission to this assembly a matter of closeting, canvassing, balloting, blackballing, and so forth, people of much better fashion than many of the *exclusives*, make it a matter of life and death to have their admission secured. Admission to Almack's is to a young *debutante* of fashion as great an object as a seat at the Privy Council Board to a flourishing politician: your *ton* is stamped by it, you are of the exclusive *set*, and by virtue of belonging to that set, every other is open to you as a matter of course, when you choose to condescend to visit it. The room in which Almack's balls are held we need not describe, because it has been often described before, and because the door-keeper, any day you choose to go to Duke Street, St. James's, will be too happy to show it to you for sixpence; but we will give you, in his own words, all the information we could contrive to get from a

man of the highest fashion, who is a subscriber.

'Why I really don't know,' said he, that I have anything to tell you about Almack's, except that all that the novel writers say about it is ridiculous nonsense: the lights are good, the refreshments not so good, the music excellent; the women dress well, dance a good deal, and talk but little. There is a good deal of envy, jealousy and criticism of faces, figures, fortunes and pretensions: one, or at most two, of the balls in a season are pleasant; the others, *slow*, and very dull. The point of the thing seems to be, that people of rank seem to choose to like it because it stamps a set, and low people talk about it because they cannot by any possibility know any thing about it.

Such is Almack's of which volumes have been spun, of most effete and lamentable trash, to gratify the morbid appetites of the pretenders to fashion.

We must not omit to inform our rural readers, that no conventional rank gives any one in London a patent of privilege in truly fashionable society. An old baronet shall be exclusive, when a young peer shall have no fashionable society at all: a lord is by no means necessarily a man in what the fashionable sets call good society: we have many lords who are not men of fashion, and many men of fashion who are not lords.

Professional peers, whether legal, naval or military, bishops, judges, and all that class of men who attain by talents, interest and good fortune, or all, or any of these a lofty social position, have no more to do with the exclusive or merely fashionable sets than you or I. A man may be a barrister in full practice to day, an attorney general to-morrow, a chief justice the day after with a peerage: yet his wife and daughter visit the same people, and are visited by the same people, that associated with them before. If men of fashion know them, it is because they have business to transact or favours to seek, or because it is part of their system to keep up a qualified intimacy with all whom they think proper to lift to their own level: but this intimacy is only extended by the man of birth to the man of talent. His family do not become people of fashion until the third or fourth generation: he remains the man of business, the useful, working, practical, brains-carrying man that he was; and his family, if they are wise, seek not to become the familiars of the old aristocracy, and if they are foolish, become the most unfortunate pretenders to fashion. They are too near to be pleasant: and the gulph which people of hereditary fashion place between is impassable, even though they flounder up to their necks in servile mud.

It is the same with baronets, M. P.'s, and all that sort of people. These handles to men's names go down very well in the country, where it is imagined that a baronet or an M. P. is *ex officio*, a man of consequence, and that rank being equal, consequence is also equal. In London on the contrary, people laugh at the idea of a man pluming himself upon such distinctions without a difference: in town we have baronets of all sorts—the Heathcotes, and such large-acred men, Sir Watkin, and the territorial baronetage: then we have the Hammers, and others of undoubted fashion, to which their patent is the weakest of their claims: then we have the military, naval, and medical baronet: descending through infinite gradations, we come down to the tallow-chandler, the gin-spinning, the banking, the pastry-cooking baronetage.

What is there, what can there be, in common with these widely severed classes, save that they equally enjoy *Sir* at the head and *Bart.* at the tail of their sponsonial and patronymic appellations? Do you think the landed *Bart.* knows any more of the medical *Bart.* than that, when he sends for the other to attend to his wife, he calls him generally 'doctor,' and seldom *Sir James*: or that the military *Bart.* does not much like the naval *Bart.*? and do not all these incongruous *Barts.* shudder at the bare idea of being seen on the same side of the street with a gin-spinning, Patent-British-Genuine-Foreign-Cognac-Brandy-making *Bart.*? and do not each and every one of these *Barts.* from head to tail, even including the last-mentioned, look down with immeasurable disdain upon the poor Nova Scotia baronets, who move heaven and earth to get permission to wear a string round their necks and a badge like the learned fraternity of cabmen?

Then as to the magic capitals M. P. which provincial people look upon as embodying in the wearer the concentrated essence of wisdom, eloquence, personal distinction, and social eminence. Who, in a country town, on a market day, has not seen tradesmen cocking their eye, apprentices glowering through the shop front, and ladies subdolosly peeping behind the window-shutter to catch a glimpse of the 'member for our town,' and having seen him, think they are rather happy that they were before? The greatest fun in the world is to go to a *cul-de-sac* off a dirty lane near Palace Yard, called Manchester Buildings, a sort of senatorial pigeon-house where the meaner fry of houseless M. P.'s live, each in his own pair, two pair, three pair, as the case may be, and give a postman's knock at every door in rapid succession. In a twinkling the 'collective wisdom' of Manchester Buildings and the Midland Counties poke out their heads.

Cobden appears on the balcony; Muntz glares out of a second floor, like a live bear in a barber's window; Wallace of Greenock comes to the door in a red nightcap; and a long 'tail' of the other immortals of a session. You may enjoy the scene as you please; but when you hear one or two of the young Irish patriotic 'mimbers' floundering from the attics, the wisest course you can take will be ineontinently to 'mizzle.' These men, however, have one redeeming quality—that they live in Manchester Buildings, and don't care who knows it; they are out of fashion, and don't care who are in; they are minding their business and not hanging at the skirts of people ever ready and willing to kick them off.

Then there are the 'dandy' M. P.'s, who ride hack-horses, associate with fashionable actresses, and hang about the clubs. Then there is the chance or acidental M. P., who has been elected he hardly knows how or when, and wonders to find himself in Parliament. Then there is the desperate, adventuring, ear-wigging M. P., whose hope of political existence, and whose very livelihood, depends upon getting or continuing in place. Then there is the legal M. P., with one eye fixed upon the Queen's, the other squinting at the Treasury Bench. Then there is the lounging M. P., who is usually the scion of a noble family, and who comes now and then into the House to stare vacantly about, and go out again. Then there are the military M. P., who finds the House an agreeable lounge, and does not care to join his regiment on foreign service. Then there is the bustling M. P. of business, the M. P. of business without bustle, and the independant country gentleman M. P., who wants nothing for himself or any body else, and who does not care a turnip-top for the whole lot of them.

The aggregate distinction, as a member of Parliament, is totally sunk in London. It is the man, and not the two letters after his name, that any body whose regard is worth the having in the least regard.—There are M. P.'s never seen beyond the exclusive set, except on a committee of the House, and then they know and speak to nobody save one of themselves. There are other M. P.'s that you will find in no society except Tom Spring's or Owen Swift's, at the Horse-shoe in Litchborne Street.

These observations upon baronets and M. P.'s may be extended upwards to the peerage, and downwards to the professional, commercial, and all other the better classes. Every man hangs, like a herring, by his own tail; and every class would be distinct and separate, but that the pretenders to fashion, like some equivocal animals in the chain of animated nature, con-

nect these different classes by copying pertinaciously the manners, and studying to adopt the tastes and habits of the class immediately above them.

Of pretenders to fashion, perhaps the most successful in their imitative art are the

SHEENIES.—By this term, as used by men of undoubted ton with reference to the class we are about to consider, you are to understand runagate Jews rolling in riches, who profess to love roast pork above all things, who always eat their turkey with sausages, and who have cut their religion for the sake of dangling at the heels of fashionable Christians. These people are 'swelling' upon the profits of the last generation in St. Mary Axe or Petticoat Lane. The founders of their families have been loan-manufacturers, crimps, receivers of stolen goods, wholesale nigger-dealers, clippers and sweaters, rag-merchants, and the like, and conscientious Israelites; but their children, not having fortitude to abide by their condition, nor right principle to adhere to their sect, come to the west end of the town, and, by right of their money, make unremitting assaults upon the loose fish of fashionable society, who laugh at, and heartily despise them, while they are as ashes in the mouths of the respectable members of the persuasion to which they originally belonged.

HEAVY SWELLS are another very important class of pretenders to fashion, and are divided into civil and military. Professional men, we say it to their honour, seldom affect the heavy swell, because the feeblest glimmerings of that rationality of thinking which results from among the lowest education, preserves them from the folly of the attempt, and, in preserving from folly, saves them from the self-reproaching misery that attends it. Men of education or of common sense, look upon pretension to birth, rank, or anything else to which they have no legitimate claim, as little more than moral forgery; it is with them an uttering base coin upon false pretences. It is generally the wives and families of professional men who are afflicted with pretension to fashion, of which we shall give abundant examples when we come to treat of gentility-mongers. But the heavy swell, who is of all classes, from the son and heir of an opulent blacking-maker down to the lieutenant of a marching regiment on half pay, is utterly destitute of brains, deplorably illiterate, and therefore incapable, by nature and bringing up, of respecting himself by a modest contented demeanor. He is never so unhappy as when he appears the thing he is—never so completely in his element as when acting the thing he is not, nor can ever be. He spends his life in jumping, like a cat, at shadows on the

wall. He has day and night dreams of people, who have not the least idea that such a man in existence, and he comes in time, by mere dint of thinking of nobody else, to think that he is one of them. He acquaints himself with the titles of lords, as other men do those of books, and then boasts largely of the extent of his acquaintance.

Let us suppose that he is an officer of a hard-fighting, foreign-service, neglected infantry regiment. This, which to a soldier would be an honest pride, is the shame of the Heavy Military Swell. His chief business in life, next to knowing the names and faces of lords, is concealing from you the corps to which he has the dishonor he thinks, to belong. He talks mightily of the service, of hussars and light dragoons; but when he knows that you know better, when you poke him hard about the young or old buffs, or the dirty half-hundred, he whispers in your ear that 'my fellows,' as he calls them, are very 'fast,' and that they are 'all known in town, very well known indeed'—a piece of information you will construe in the case of the heavy swell to mean, better known than trusted.

When he is on full pay, the heavy swell is known to the three old women and five desperate daughters who compose good society in country quarters. He affects a patronizing air at small tea-parties, and is wonderfully run after by wretched undeveloped girls, that is, by ten girls in twelve; he is eternally striving to get upon the 'staff,' or anyhow to shirk his regimental duty: he is a whelp towards the men under his command, and has a grand idea of spurs, steel scabbards, and flogging: to his superiors he is a spaniel, to his brother officers he is an intolerable ass: he makes the mess-room a perfect hell with his vanity, puppyism, and senseless bibble-babble.

On leave, or half-pay, he "mounts mustaches," to help the hussar and light-dragon idea, or to delude the ignorant into a belief that he may possibly belong to the household cavalry. He hangs about doors of military clubs with a whip in his hand: talks very loud at the 'Tiger' or the 'Rag and famish,' and never has done shouting to the waiter to bring him a 'Peerage': carries the 'Red Book' and 'Book of Heraldry' in his pocket: sees whence people come, and where they go, and makes them out somehow: in short, he is regarded with a thrill of horror by people of fashion, fast or slow, civil or military.

The Civil Heavy Swell affects fashionable curricles, and enjoys all the consideration a pair of good horses can give. He rides a blood bay in Rotten Row, but rides badly, and is detected by galloping, or some other solecism: his dress and liveries are always overdone, the money shows on every thing about him. He has familiar abbreviations for the names of all the fast

men about town : calls this Lord 'Jimmy,' 'lother Chess, a third Dolly, and thinks he knows them : keeps an expensive mistress, because 'Jimmy' and Chess are supposed to do the same, and when he is out of the way, his mistress has some of the fast fellows to supper, at the heavy swell's expense. He settles the point whether claret is to be drank from a jug or black bottle, and retail's the merits of a plateau or epergne he saw, when last he dined with a 'fellow' in Belgrave Square.

The Foreigneering Heavy Swell has much more spirit, talent, and manner, than the home-grown article : but he is poor in like ratio, and is therefore obliged to feather his nest by denuding the pigeon tribe of their metallic plumage. He is familiarly known to all the fast fellows, who cut him, however, as soon as they marry, but is not accounted good ton by heads of families. He is liked at the Hells and Clubs, where he has a knack of distinguishing himself without presumption or affectation. He is a dresser by right divine, and dresses ridiculously. The fashionable fellows affect loudly to applaud his taste, and laugh to see the vulgar imitate the foreigneering swell. He is the idol of equivocal women, and condescends to patronize unrepresentable gentility-mongers. He is not unhappy at heart, like the indigenous heavy swell, but enjoys his intimacy with the fast fellows, and uses it.

There is an infallible test we should advise you to apply, whenever you are bored to desperation by any of these heavy swells. When he talks of 'my friend, the Duke of Bayswater,' ask him, in a quiet tone, where he last met the Duchess. If he says Hyde Park (meaning the Earl of) is an honest good fellow, enquire whether he prefers Lady Mary or Lady Seraphina Serpentine. This drops him like a shot—he can't get over it.

It is a rule in good society that you know the set only when you know the women of that set ; however you may work your way among the men, whatever you may do at the Hells and Clubs, goes for nothing—the women stamp you counterfeit or current, and—

"Not to know THEM, argues yourself unknown."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LEGENDS OF LUNE.

BY HENRY H. DAVIS.

Perhaps, no portion of 'Merrie Englands' is less known, or more beautiful, than that tract of land extending for thirty miles north of the palatine town of Lancaster, known by the name of Lunesdale, or the Vale of Lune.

Magnificent, but not sublime; mountainous, but not sterile: pastoral, but not

tame; we know of no district that can vie with it in beauty of landscape, or variety of detail. Its charming straths, its wooded eminences, its romantic glades, its rocky dells, but above all, its beautiful river, clear as crystal—now a mountain-stream, rushing and foaming over cragg, and through crevice, then a reach of still water, like a summer lake,—all these form a succession of delightful objects, upon which the eye rests with never-fading pleasure.

It has its castle, too, famed in song and story; its ancient halls crumbled into dust, the scenes of innumerable legends; its remains of British and Roman antiquities, the delight of the antiquary, and the wonder of the ignorant: and its guardian hills contain amongst their lonely recesses, awful caverns, and tremendous chasms, which even in the present age of philosophical enlightenment, are peopled by beings of more than mortal mould, whom the dwellers in the mountains as firmly believe in as in Divine revelation.

Before summer-tours became so common and the modes of conveyance so cheap, the Lake district was the British Utopia; but that cloud land is now transferred to the Vale of Lune, whose traditions are yet unknown beyond its own limits, and the knowledge of which is confined to a favorite few.

It was my fortune in early youth, to be thrown much in the society of old people,—grandpapas and grandmamas, both paternal and maternal,—who were well acquainted with the wild and marvellous legends of the valley; and there is scarcely a hall, a manor house, a spring in the rock or a deep pool in the river, that is not the scene of some tale of murder, love, or fairy. I had an old friend, too, who resided at the head of the valley, and with whom I was wont to spend a few months of each year, who used to horrify me with the narrations of ghosts and dobbies, till I dared not pass a lonely bridge or solitary barn; for strange to say, such were the places where, in the imagination of the people, the spirits were confined when 'laid' by the priests.

Although the supernatural has now given place to the natural, and the idea to the real, yet the following legends will show, in a striking point of view, the credulity of our fathers, even to the last age, and furnish also, a tolerable correct picture of the manners, customs, scenery and general features of the Vale of Lune:

KIRBY-LONSDALE BRIDGE.

Of this very ancient romantic structure no authentic records have ever been traced either as to its founder or the time of its erection. The only account of it is found in Burn and Nicholson's 'History of West-

morland,' where it is stated that, in the third year of the reign of the first Edward, a rate of pontage was granted for repairs. From whatever point the structure is viewed, it presents a beautiful picture. Its lofty but narrow proportions, its ribbed arches, its rocky site, the deep green pellucid waters that slowly wind their way between the over-hanging and shelving

rocks on either side, and its banks thickly clad with fine trees, which dip their branches in the passing wave, form a *coup d'œil* which must be seen to be appreciated.

The following legend of its origin is now for the first time offered to the public, and embodies all the known traditions upon the subject:—

'Twas the soft glooming of a summer's day,
The hour when Love dons all its lovingness;
The thrushy-sung her melting, mellow lay,
To hail the peeping stars, which shone to bless
The pilgrim's path with their bright cheerfulness;
The closing flowers shed tears of pearly dew,
And hung their heads in weeping bashfulness,
Because no mortal could their beauties view,
Ne scent their sweet perfume, ne praise their varied hue.

—It fell upon this eve, an ancient wight
Was slowly wending on his weary rode;
All travel-stain'd the vest which him bedight,
Though four score winters o'er his head had snow'd,
And care had bow'd him 'neath his troublous load!
Still, wandering slowly, did he journey on,
In search of rest within some kind abode,
Sith he all day had travell'd by the Lonne,
Ev'n from its first small spring, to lovely Casterton.

His woolly hair was parted o'er his brow
Where Age had set his seal; but then, his eye
Gleam'd bright, yet mild, and full of youthful glow,
Like starlight beaming from a frosty sky,
And though his form was bent, yet firm and high
His bearing was, as destin'd to command;
And folded in his vest, ye mote espy
A ponderous volume, which, with one frail hand,
He did uphold; the other grasp'd an ebon wand.

The pilgrim paused; on Lonne's sweet banks he stood,
And gazed with wonder on the scene around;
On every side was dark and waving wood;
Beneath his feet the stream, with gurgling sound,
Flow'd deep through rugged rocks, with moss embrown'd;
He chose the shelter of an ancient tree,
And sat him down upon the ground;
Then strain'd his eyne, as though he long'd to see
Some well-known spot of bliss, which haunted memorie.

He mused not long, for lo, oftsoons, he took
From the thick foldings of his flowing vest
(Bound with huge silver clasps) his weighty book,
Companion of his toil, and eke his rest,
Which evermore had lean'd upon his breast;
And from his pouch a golden lamp he drew,
On which strange mystic characters were traced,
Fill'd with the magic oil, which, lighted, threw
On every side a glare of wild, unearthly hue.

And, as the flame grew brighter, sounds were heard
Of shrieking laughter, and of wailing woe;
The twinkling stars affrighted, disappeared;
The stream stood still, and seem'd afraid to flow,
And listening zephyrs quite forgot to blow;
But, when the ponderous volume he unbound,
Fierce was the strife unceasing, above, below;

A shuddering horror thrill'd through all around,
And subterranean thunders shook the rocky ground.

He waved his ebon wand, and with deep voice
Utter'd dark spells of wild diablerie ;
The thunders died away, and every noise
Upon the very instant ceased to be ;
With such strong power he wrought his witcherie ;
Again his wand he waved, and redde the page
Where words of living fire were plain to see,
Whose awful meaning quell'd the spirits' rage,
And bound them to their oaths of magic vassalage.

He stamp'd his foot, and lo ! on every side,
Hosts of unearthly creatures thronging press'd ;
Some flew in air,—some floated on the tide,—
Some danced about, in glistening splendour dress'd
There was the goblin with his flaming crest,
The brown and hairy elf, the fairy elf, the fairy bright,
The water-kelpie in his weedy vest,
The foul-mouth'd imp, the sinewy water-sprite—
All waiting to begin the labours of the night.

When thus he spake : "Ere the first morning ray
Break through the portal of the eastern sky,
Ye shall employ the greatest power ye may,
To build a noble bridge, with arches high,
And wide, and strong, to last eternally !
Upon the solid rock its piers shall stand,—
Upon the solid rock its ends shall lie,—
The fairest structure in all fair England,
Framed by no mortal art—built by no mortal hand !"

To work they went, and that right earnestly ;
The mountain spirits hew'd and shaped the stone,—
The hairy elves, with speedy gramayrie,
Convey'd them in their aprons, one by one,
From the brown, rugged fell, hight Casterton !
The kelpies mix'd the mortar with the blood
Of slaughter'd kine, and water from the Lonne ;
Whilst nimble fays made scaffolding of wood,
And lofty ladders, where the busy builders stood.

Hard did they labour, with a mighty din ;
And soon the noble structure was uprear'd ;
And, ere the dawn of day was usher'd in,
The BRIDGE in all its gracefulness appear'd
Spanning the gloomy gulf, which travellers fear'd
To approach at glooming tide ; for there did dwell
(Which lured poor strangers to a dreadful wierd ;)
Within the abyss, dark, deep, and horrible,
A monstrous water-snake, unscathed by ban or spell.

But now its hour was come : The Pilgrim stood,
With burning lamp, and open book, I ween,
Upon the margin of the seething flood,
Whose shelving, weedy rocks could scarce be seen,
So deep they dived beneath the waters green ;
And by some invocation he did call
Th' unwieldy monster from his rocky den—
It was a sight the stoutest might appal,
Saving the ancient man who held the snake in thrall

The hideous reptile from the waters rose,
 And from his scaly sides y-dash'd the spray,
 Which floated round his head, like the pale bows
 Form'd in the mountain mist by Cynthia's ray,
 Dim, yet delightful,—splendourless, yet gay;
 His meteor oyne glared with a dreadful ire,
 Like the red sunset of a stormy day;
 His horrid jaws display'd, in order dire,
 Four bristling rows of teeth, each pointed like a spire.

The Pilgrim spake a strong and nameless spell,
 And cursed him with a deep and bitter ban,
 Loud sounds of joy arose through greenwood dell,
 Triumphant strains throughout the valley ran;
 The spirit-builders all at once began
 To yell, and shriek, and sing with wild delight,
 And eager throng'd around that ancient man;
 For he had vanquish'd in a single night
 The monster, which, till now, defied their utmost might.

Down, down he sank into the deep profound,
 With one tremendous, loud, and bellowing groan,
 Which waked the slumbering echoes all around,
 And roused the eagle from his mountain-throne.
 The Pilgrim's task was done,—and all alone
 He found himself upon the river's side;
 For in the east appear'd the morning's dawn,
 Which scatter'd elves and fairies far and wide,

The Pilgrim's task was done!—he closed his book,
 And quench'd his magic lamp's ethereal light;
 And lean'd upon his wand, and then he took
 A survey of the labours of the night,
 Wrought by the gramayrie of elf and sprite;
 There stood the Bridge, on which he cast his eyes,
 Which swam with tears of most heartfelt delight;
 And, as he view'd it in the bright sunrise,
 He knelt, and pour'd his prayer to Him who rules the skies.

“Father of Heaven; with whom all mercies be,
 Listen with favour to thy suppliant's pray'r;
 Sweet Saviour Jesus, intercede for me;
 And thou, fair Virgin, who the Godhead bare,
 Take a poor sinner underneath thy care;
 I have fulfill'd my vows, as ye shall know,
 Destroy'd the snake, and built this structure fair;
 And, though the waters rage, and tempests blow,
 Still let it stand, as long as Lonne shall flow.”

His tears fell fast, as though some hidden grief,
 Long lock'd within his bosom, had found vent,
 Or, like some dying wretch, to whom relief,
 When hope is just departing, had been sent:
 And, kneeling long, with posture forward bent,
 He seem'd to wrestle with some power unseen;
 His plenteous tears the mossy rock besprent,
 And flourisheth above the rest until this day, I ween.

The Pilgrim rose, and northward took his way
 To where fair Melrose lifts her sacred tower;
 The gaping rustics, in the open day,
 Beheld the wondrous work of midnight glower,
 Wrought by the Wizard's spell, and spirits' power.
 Thousands since then have pass'd the lovely spot,
 But never knew its founder till this hour,
 His was a name that ne'er can be forgot,—
 The Wizard of the North: the wondrous Michael Scott.



THE LADY'S MAID.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

THE name bestowed by modern parance upon the waiting or tire woman, denotes youth and jauntiness. The very word 'maid' seems to anticipate the qualifying adnome of 'fair' or 'pretty,' as naturally as in the polite circles of Austria the word '*frau*' receives the prefix of '*guadige*,'—and though it must be admitted that toothless and gray-haired wives and widows often pass under the general designation of ladies' maids, it is still held an essential distinction of lady's maidism, to possess a pleasing exterior.

The lady's maid is the flower of the domestic establishment,—the Proserpine of the lower regions,—the *elegante*, whose graces of mind and manners bewilder the mind of the footman, to whom with supercilious scorn she delivers the orders of her principals,—a stumbling-block in the eyes of venerable butlers, as Maria in those of Malvolio,—and a target for the merry jests of the servants' hall.

4

The lady's maid is my lady's shadow ; a parody upon the *chef d'œuvre* of elegance, to whose cast-off clothes, airs, and graces, she has the honor to succeed. Though worn to the bone by the labors of office,—though deprived of rest by my lady's dissipation, and of her meals by my lady's selfishness,—though harrassed by flaws of temper and caprices of taste, there is a species of one and indivisibility between the mistress and maid, characteristic of the umbrageous nature pointed out. An instinctive *esprit du corps* unites the daughter of Eve who washes the laces, and is to inherit them, with the daughter of Eve who wears them in her pinnners.

Against my master, or my lord, on the other hand, the lady's maid cherishes an equally intuitive antipathy. Even my master's own man,—nay, even the family butler and coachman does she detest as dependencies of 'master.' 'Master' is a tyrant,—master is a nuisance,—master is never satisfied,—master is always complaining of the manner in which his linen

is starched, or left unstarched; and master's shirt-buttons have twice as much aptitude to come off as any other gentleman's. And then, master keeps such hours! Master goes to bed, and rises earlier than can be accounted for on any other principle than that of matrimonial contrariety. Master comes into my lady's dressing room with dirty boots; or sets down his flat candlestick on a new cap. Master is full of fancies, such as having his newspapers ironed; and worries people out of their lives about keeping dinner or the horses waiting. According to the lady's maid, there is no end to the peccadillos of 'master.'

Not but that my lady has her faults too.

My lady is sadly thoughtless and heedless, and seems to think that people have twenty pair of hands, and no need of rest or recreation. But she is such a good creature, after all! And, if it were not for having such a brute for a husband, she would be such a sweet-tempered lady. Ah, poor thing! if people only knew what they were about when they married! The lady's maid swears she would not change her situation for anything that anybody could offer her; that is, her situation in life.

As regards her vocation, it must be admitted that she enjoys peculiar advantages. Other slaveys occupy the post of Tantalus. The butler is nowise privileged to be the better for the wine he is decanting, or the plate he is cleaning; or the gardener for the pines and peaches he is forcing. But if the task of the lady's maid be an eternal smoothing of coats, and darning of pinholes, *she* has at least a vested interest in the fruit of her labors. The lawn kerchief, or brocaded mantle, will one day be her own; the young heir who watches the growth of his father's plantations, is not more personally interested in its well-doing than the lady's maid in the safe packing of her lady's imperials and chaise-seat.

The lady's maid is usually an hysterical, nervous personage; her constitution broken by irregular rest and irregular diet. Addicted to novels and green tea, she is not aware that her tender hypochondriacism is the result of swallowing her dinner whole, to be in time for dressing my lady for her daily drive; and of restless nights, spent in watching at the dressing-room window for the return of my lady's carriage from the ball. On the contrary, she admits that she is a poor, weak-spirited creature; but swears, like Cassio, that she "had it from her mother."

It is a strange thing that, howbeit, we all admit the difficulty of being a hero to one's *valet de chambre*, or an angel to one's lady's maid,—every lady insists upon the maid being an angel to her lady. The mistress has a right to be *en dishabille* at cer-

tain hours of the day: the maid never.—The maid must be always presentable,—always smiling.—Curl-papers are warning, and a slipshod foot dismissal without a character. Whether in drawing my lady's curtain at dead of night, or undrawing it at daybreak, she must be *tires a quatre epingles*, and neither look fatigued, or restless, or sick, or sorry. A weary eye, or a pale face, would condemn her to hear that 'her health was not equal to her situation;' for with the exception of an inquisitor of Spain, there are few things more cruel in their nature than a fine lady.

Having laid it down as an axiom that a lady's maid is simply her lady's shadow, it is almost unnecessary to add, that there are as many varieties of ladies' maids as of roses and geraniums: serious ladies' maids, fashionable ladies' maids, ladies' maids on their preferment, flirting ladies' maids, and so forth. The serious lady's maid is pretty sure to be privately married to the butler, or to have a weakness for the underfootman. The fashionable lady's maid is above such vulgarisms: talks of the circle she moves in, and goes to the German opera. The lady's maid on her preferment, converts my lady's cast-off satins and *guitures* into cash, and talks of her property in the funds; while the flirting lady's maid converts them to her own use: has a correspondence with one of the young gentlemen at Howell and James's, which does not prevent her lending an ear to a thousand tender nothings when the house is full of dandies, for the hunting and shooting season.

Most of those flutterlings of the basement story dote upon London and the season. Despite their vigils and wearings, they love the stir and movement of that sunny period when my lady's diamonds emerge from their morocco cases, and every day brings home some new dress, bonnet, or cap, creaking up the back stairs in the milliner's basket. They love the noise, glitter, and outlay of such a time. They delight in gauds of silver and gold, and all the intertanglements of pink, blue, and lilac, devised by haberdashers for the perdition of the female kind. A new riband distracts them as a vacant riband the sovereign.

The Drawing Room is the grand event of the lady's maid. My lady looks so *very* sweet in her feathers, lappets, and family diamonds; and the *real* lady is never more distinguishable from the upstart than in her train and point! An unusual flush mantles on her cheek as she indulges in the plebeian vice of gazing out of the window upon the departing chariot, with its well-wigged coachman, and pair of standard footmen, alike as the two Antipholi, or as Dromio and his *fac-simile*, to the very buckles on their shoes, or the bouquets in

their button-holes. She is conscious of having despatched my lady to go, see, and conquer; and is proud that the labor of her hands should figure in presence of the court.

Though selectly select in her visiting-list, her acquaintance in town is considerable; and the best mansions in May-Fair contribute their quota of ladies' maids to her whist-table on Opera nights, or royal ball-nights, when she is sure of getting rid of my lady at an early hour. The Dowager Duchess's maid, on the other hand, steps in on Sunday nights, her Grace being serious, and averse to Sabbath-breaking, giving freedom to her men and maid-servants on the Lord's day. But for her own part, she is not averse to the Parks or Kensington-Gardens on Sundays, when she can secure a proper escort; or a trip to Epsom with a subscription carriage, half-and half with the Marchioness's people, and the Marquis's champagne and sandwiches gratis. She owns she loves a little innocent recreation. Hitherto, the lady's maid has been described in the single number, and consequently, in her most amiable form. But, when two or three ladies' maids are gathered together in one establishment, Heaven have a care of it. Queen Bess, that shrewdest of legislatresses, observed of her royal rival of Scotland, that "the sky would not bear two suns; nor England two queens." Still less, one roof two ladies' maids! From the moment my young lady, or my young ladies grow up, and require a maid of their own, there is an end of the peace of the establishment. The precedence of the case, indeed, takes care of itself; as a peer walks before a peer's elder son, mamma's maid walks before the maid of her daughters. But the petty jealousies, heresies, and schisms hourly arising in the housekeeper's room, are beyond even the adjustment of the Herald's office. The sensitive creatures fight for every thing, and when there is nothing to be fought for, like an Irishman in a row, fight for nothing. They are at daggers drawn for the butler's affections, for the merry-thoughts of the chickens, for the middle piece of the toast, for the snuffers, the poker, the newspaper, the date of her Majesty's approaching accouchment, the duration of the next ministry, and the odd trick. *Bella,—horrida bella!* Incessant wars and rumors of war,—"war to the curling irons."

At a fashionable country mansion a visitor once picked up a letter near the offices, containing the reply of the servants of a neighboring nobleman to an invitation to a steward's-room ball.

"Mrs. Simpkins would have the honor of waiting upon Mrs. Spriggins, but the young ladies' maid was not yet out."

This is the heart of the mystery. The senior lady's maid is apt to assume airs of

chaperonship,—to play the dowager,—to rebuke over-tricksomeness of costume,—and to call flirting young *valet de chambres* to account, and inquire into their "intentions." The junior consequently rebels,—asserts her independence, and will not be put upon. To incrimination follows re- crimination. "A few words" ensue; and if words, "the more the merrier," the fewer the bitterer. A strife of ladies' maids is as the wrangling of parrots. As in the case of church preferments, therefore, let all right-thinking people eschew pluralities.

But if such the discourse where two or more English ladies' maids are concerned, what shall we say of the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, engendered in a house where the dowager lady's maid is a sober, middle-aged English waiting gentlewoman, wearing spectacles in the house-keeper's room, and a silk front everywhere; and the junior a little French soubrette, her hair *coiffée en bandeaux*,—while the muslin that ought to have been converted into a cap, figures in the shape of an embroidered apron? The senior calls the junior a play-actress; the junior calls the senior a duenna. The young ladies side with the pretty Mademoiselle Eugénie, who braids their locks and crimps their ringlets so charmingly, who assures one that she is *gantee a ravir*, and another that she is *shaussee comme un ange*; while mamma naturally takes part with the Sober-sides, who has so much sympathy with her rheumatism, and who caps texts with her while arranging the folds of her turban.—An intervention and non-intervention war is waged between the parties; and Lord Palmerston and Monsieur Thiers are nothing to Mrs. Smallridge and Mademoiselle Eugénie in the punctiliousness of their opposition.

The merry little *femme de chambre*, (for a French lady's maid, though single, assumes the womanly designation withheld from her, though double, in Great Britain)—the merry little *femme de chambre* runs about the house, only the more enlivened by the feud. Her work is play to her. She enjoys the idea of the young ladies' balls, even at second-hand: a perpetual course of hair-dressing, frilling, flouncing, and tying of bows, is her *beau idéal* of the duties of life. Provided "*ces chères demoiselles*" distinguish themselves in society by the elegance of their dress, she is satisfied. She complains of nothing but the want of sunshine and play-going;—of "*ce vilain climat*, and "*cet éternel go-to-shursh*." Reports of Mademoiselle Eugénie's having proposed a game of *ecarte* to the butler on a rainy Sunday afternoon in the country, at length, however, reach the heads of the family, and produce her dismissal; Mrs. Smallridge (who has been reading Tom Jones meanwhile, with locked doors, in her

own room) having signified that "matters can't go on in that way," and that one or other of them must leave the house. On such grounds the dowager lady's maid is privileged to be authoritative. Her threat suffices. Even in the best regulated families she has been trusted too much behind the curtain to be safely trusted before it. Off, therefore, goes poor Mademoiselle, and Mrs. Smallridge thenceforward assumes airs of despotism in the housekeeper's room, such as would not sit amiss upon the Shah of Persia.

We have asserted that it is desirable for the lady's maid to be of a fair presence.—But this rule is observable within limitation. A lady's maid may be a vast deal too pretty for her place. We remember one who had indeed a right to the prefix of 'fair,' and who was fairly ruined by the distinction. She was one of the many who, from being taken out of her own situation in life, become fit for no situation at all—or, at all events, became most disagreeably situated.

A cottager's child, with a very pretty face, and the very pretty name of Alice: certain sentimental young ladies who resided in a cottage of gentility in the village, smitten with her pink cheeks and flaxen curls, selected the poor child as the picturesque object whereupon to exercise their benevolent propensities. It is observable, by the way, that half the fair philanthropists laboring in the by-ways of human nature are singularly biassed in the selection of their *protegees*, or *protégés* by comeliness and favor; whereas, it is decidedly the ugly ones who are most in need of aid along the thorny places of this brambly world.

But little Alice looked so pretty over her spelling-book or sampler, in the parlor furnished with muslin curtains and faded gilt card-racks! Half the time of the morning visitors was taken up in calling her 'sweet dear,' 'lovely angel,' and asking her whether she was not *very* grateful to the kind young ladies who took so much heed of her? The little girl grew somewhat vain of all this, unsuspecting that she was there only to minister to the vanity of others. She minded her book a little, but the visitors more; and at twelve years old knew just enough to be in the way of the kind young ladies, and out of the way of advancement in life.

Had she been pug-nosed or freckled, and brought up like other girls at the village school, Alice would have learned scrubbing and plain work, and her services been early available in her family, or elsewhere. But on returning at twelve years old, spoiled, to the cottage, she was good for no manner of thing but to be scolded. She was twitted with the whiteness of her hand and blackness of her disposition, till her

pretty blue eyes became of a permanent red by crying; and had not the 'superior' of a sort of Do-the-Girls' Hall establishment advertised for a genteel apprentice, and one of the kind young ladies assisted her pupil into the office, by way of getting a troublesome hanger-on still further out of the way, the poor girl would probably have dissolved, like Arethusa, into a fountain of tears.

At the end of her seven years' apprenticeship, pretty Alice was prettier than ever, and almost as helpless. She had acquired a smattering of French, a smattering of fine work, a smattering of personal graces, enough to make a lady's maid, yet not enough to make a governess. Being a very good girl withal—gentle-hearted, affectionate, modest, simple—she was sadly afraid of becoming a burden to her parents, and eager to push her way in the world; and the kind young ladies, who had now progressed into middle-aged ladies, remembering the former advantage of an advertisement, tried again. On examining the County Chronicle, "a genteel young person" was again found wanting in the county town, as attendant upon the daughters of the rich banker, whose villa and conservatory, kept at the cost of the place, were its pride and glory.

But after the transportation of Alice, with much difficulty, to be examined as to her qualifications and recommendations by Mrs. Crabstock in person, the pretty maid was dismissed unexamined. Her fault lay upon the surface. No need of cross-questioning. She was told that she was too young. The letter of explanation which she brought back to the middle-aged ladies was more candid. Mrs. Crabstock simply observed, "I have several sons."

The kind middle-aged ladies accordingly looked out for a place in a family as exclusively female as their own; and were fortunate in persuading Lady Crossgrain, a wealthy widow, with an only daughter, to receive as second maid a young person of undeniable character, so well brought up as to be almost a companion for Miss Crossgrain. That 'almost' was again fatal. It was a severe winter. Society was scarce at Crossgrain Hall. Pretty Alice *was* accepted as almost a companion. She was really an acquisition; the simple girl was so genuinely delighted by her young lady's fine singing and fine playing; and stood with such untiring ears to listen!

Unluckily, she looked prettier than ever in that listening attitude. Since the days of Ellen Douglas, no one ever listened half so charmingly; and when at length there arrived from the Continent the tall cousin, Sir Jacob Crossgrain, who, it was intended by her ladyship, should unite the title and estates of the family by an union with the heiress, it became evident that there was

not the slightest chance of a consummation so devoutly to be wished, so long as Miss Crossgrain's coarse black locks were seen in contrast with the silken curls of Alice, or the high shoulders of the young lady with the graceful form of the young lady's maid.

Poor Alice was consequently turned adrift again; but, as in conscience bound, the Crossgrains disposed of her discreetly with another widow lady, where there was no daughter to be eclipsed by her charms. Without an offspring, however, to engross her attention, Mrs. Meggot had scarcely an object on which to bestow her affections, saving her own face in the glass; and at three-and-forty it is no such pleasant thing for a crowsfooted coquette to find a fair young seraphic visage perpetually reflected over her shoulder, like a moral tacked to the last page of a romance. Nothing more easy than to discover a seam awry in Alice's sewing, and to turn her upon the wide world again.

So was it everywhere. Either there were sons, brothers, or nephews, whose hearts and the respectability of the community might be endangered—or, 'missus' was of a jealous temper,—or my lady ambitious of remaining the only beauty in the house. Love followed as naturally in the wake of poor Alice as Cupid in that of Venus; and she would have done well to get inoculated with confluent small-pox, or tattooed with permanent ink.

It would be painful to pursue the career of so sweet a creature through all its griefs and grievances. Alice is now, at thirty, and sorely against her will, a chorus-singer at a minor theatre. Miserable as is her pittance, degraded her position, it was impossible for so meek a nature to bear up against the insults and hardships heaped upon her as an over-pretty LADY'S MAID.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A FRENCH PIC-NIC.

The scene of our exploits is Compiègne; that same Compiègne so celebrated in the history of Joan of Arc, of Henri Quatre, and of his lady love, Gabrielle D'Estrees. In later days, the present King of France has converted the old chateau into a rendezvous for royal marriages, and the first portions of two royal honey-moons have there been celebrated. But *we* have to do with the forest, glorious and splendid, full of halls of trees, and of noble and stately wood of all characters, colors, sizes, and ages. Although the weather must be finer, yet the mornings are beautiful, the afternoons pleasant, and the nights enlivened by moonbeams; and before those long evenings and short days set in, which tell us of winter and its gloom, and of cold and

its barrenness, we resolved on a pic-nic party to *Pierrefonds*.

This dear delightful *Pierrefonds* is a very small village on the farther extremity of the forest, situated on the margin of a fairy lake, and is alternately smiled and frowned upon by the splendid ruins of its once proud and glorious castle. We have travelled in many lands, hung up our harp by many a foreign stream, ascended many a mountain, and rejoiced in many a valley, but seldom have our feelings been so excited, and our taste so indulged, as in the captivating scenery of the *Pierrefonds*.

The forest and the chateau seem to rival each other, whilst the lake reflects by turns the ivy ruins, the Gothic tower, and the stately oak. In majestic loveliness, the ruins of bygone days are presented, and stand in the form of the chateau; whilst the sighing of the winds from the forest-trees reminds us of the almost fabled days of former times, when Henri Quatre wended his way by moonlight, amidst the scenery which now surrounds us, in order to gain a sight of his adored and adoring Gabrielle. But we must retrace our steps to Compiègne, and begin with the commencement of our French pic-nic party to Compiègne forest, and the chateau of *Pierrefonds*.

Our party is not a large one; not too small to be lively, and not too large to be boisterous. We are ten. As good luck would have it, the *eleventh* person invited, and who promised to come, has been attacked with a *migraine*, which we English folks describe at greater length by the term "a sick headache;" and what is yet more agreeable, we have five belles, and five beaux. So our party is complete—and we shall attempt a sketch of their characters.

The *Count* is a sportsman. He views trees through the medium of game. He thinks of the country as one vast rabbit-warren or as a glorious pheasant-preserve. He knows foxes better than books, hares better than fine arts, and his gun and dogs even better than his wife and children.—But he is very merry, sings an admirable song, plays well on the bugle, and makes the forest echo with his woodland music.

The *Countess* is a capital talker. She dresses rather oddly—will wear very thick shoes and uncultivated gloves, has an overpoweringly little bonnet, and an awfully small waist; but she is so wholly free from matrimonial restraints as to think no more about the sayings of her husband, than if he had been dropped into the former *oubliettes* of the castle of *Pierrefonds*; and jokes, flirts, puns, and laughs, quite as well as the youngest and most dashing of the party.

The *Countess's* eldest daughter is decidedly beautiful. Her age is nineteen.—Whenever her father, or her mother, shall

discover some wealthy, honorable and *comme il faut* sort of a person, suitable in their opinion, for her husband, they will talk the matter over, settle all the pecuniary arrangements, and then bid him to "pop the question," and bid her to answer in the affirmative. Until then, she is tied to the Countess's apron strings. She never walks, even in the garden, without her papa or mama to accompany her, and she thinks. eats, sleeps, speaks, and smiles, as she is directed or expected, by her still adoring parents. She has received a private education, knows French and Italian perfectly, and English and German very imperfectly, but dances like a zephyr, sings like an angel, and touches the piano *a la Hertz*. If *Mademoiselle Virginie* had been educated in England, she would have been faultless; but unhappily she is a Parisian, and therefore never natural.

Le Capitaine M— is an old bachelor— belonging not to the army, but to the national guards. He is on the shady side of fifty, but gay and gallant as were the courtiers and lovers of the good old times of Louis Quatorze. If he dared aspire to the hand of *Mademoiselle Virginie*, he would do so; but though his manners are admirable, his and conversation agreeable, he knows that his fortune is slender. So he loves her in his heart, and without ostentation; but fully understanding that she will be married *eligibly*, and not to any one who cannot keep his carriage, and live elegantly.

Monsieur and Madame D— have lately been married. They are the *gens du pays*, or in other words, hereditary inhabitants of Compiègne. They are young, full of life and bustle, and *mon cher* and *ma chère* it to a most awful extent. The honey-moon, to be sure, is scarce expired, but they are so sweet at present as to be rather disagreeable. *Madame D*— is a little brown beauty, and with such an ankle, and such a *taille*! You may span her with ease, and a flash from her eye would strike a light in the most flinty and obdurate heart.

Monsieur D— is a landed proprietor, though a very young man, and talks not a little of his horses, his fields, his tenants, and his poultry yard. But what in the world is a man to talk about, who never read any book since he left school, and draws not only his political, but even his literary knowledge from the columns of *La Presse*? He takes in that journal on account of its *feuilletons*, and enjoys, as all must do, the witty articles of *Madame de Girardin*.

These are all the French portions of the party.

Mynheer H— is a German, well known in the republic of letters—has seen 'young Germany,' and old Germany, and often

delights the world of Berlin and Vienna with his lucubrations. Some say he is forty, and others thirty, but he owns to thirty-two. He is an out-and-out quiz.— He would much rather read a satire than partake of a splendid banquet, and sees *everything*, from a bright sun to a pretty girl through the medium of green glasses.— Everything amuses him. Serious things are comic in his esteem, and merry faces at weddings, solemn faces at christenings, and long faces at burials, are to him alike amusing and grotesque. He might be styled "Doctor H— in search of the grotesque," and if you can but understand this, you cannot fail of being amused by his ineffable descriptions. He is just now a guest of the Count and Countess, and they confess that they laugh till they weep at his droll and burlesque descriptions of themselves.

Myself, my wife and my cousin—yes, my cousin Sarah—make up the party. We are English.

Doctor H— does the droll and the civil to my cousin, and in all the simplicity of her nature she believes him to be in love with her. This is a source to him of unextinguishable mirth, and though he makes much more fun of Cupid than she wishes him to do, yet she cannot believe that a man of his talent, genius, eloquence, and taste, can take so much pains to prove that after all done and said, he has no hoart.

My wife and myself are of course most pleasant, witty and charming people. She is fond of botany, and I am a geologist;— she loves the stars, and I love natural history; she is simple and unaffected, and I am bold and dashing; and as we are very learned in the French articles, and love the French wines, we are a tolerably good sort of people to join a French pic-nic. At least the French are kind enough to say so; and though our name is, when pronounced by them, murdered most uncereemoniously, we are called the "good English family," and allowed to enter into the very holy of holies of French society.— This is a great privilege and a high honor; for after all said and written by the learned in these matters, the French are not fond of the English. They fear us or they respect us; they envy us, or they hate us, according to their tastes, passions, education, and prejudices! but never, no, never, do they love us.

As the days are just now shortening, and the nights are cool, it has been agreed that our pic-nic excursion shall close at seven in the evening. The French, as a nation, are by no means fond of cold air, cold meat or cold receptions; and as to colds and cold water, they equally abhor them.

We have proposed then to leave at ten in the morning, to reach Pierrefonds at noon, to examine the lake and the chateau

—to dine at two, to ramble and rusticate till nearly five, and to return to the Count and Countess's at seven. This is the *programme*; how it will be kept or violated, all the joys and sorrows, pleasures and disappointments, accidents or events, which may surprise, delight, or astound us, will be faithfully described in this journal of our pic-nic excursion.

For a French pic-nic party there are certain indispensables. These must be cold ham, a cold pie, and one or more bottles of champagne. Pretty white pantaloons down to the feet, very neatly frilled, are deemed wise and expedient to prevent insects from stinging, and from exposure in case of falls, tumbles, or stile and gate climbing. Large straw hats for the gentlemen, with broad brims, are regarded as *very becoming*, and the ladies are much pleased when their brothers or sweethearts are thus attired. A pretty green-colored net at the end of a stick, with which to catch butterflies and moths, may be carried to advantage. A camp-stool or two, for such of the ladies whose *understandings* are not accustomed to much walking, are regarded as by no means unnecessary appendages to the party. A strong knife to cut boughs of trees, a stick or two with curved or hooked handles to reach flowers or fruit too high for the gentlemen to secure without them, and a ball to throw about, either upwards towards the sun, or downwards to rebound, are all parts and portions of the baggage or equipments;—but the whole of these, even the *whole*, could be dispensed with, rather than cold ham, cold raised pie, and champagne.

Our pic-nic party is therefore well supplied, for we have a small *jambonne de Bayonne*, a snug *pate d'Ameins*, two bottles of sparkling Ay, *deux poulets* well roasted, and fruit and *fromage* in abundance. The old and faithful valet of the Count's family, who has inhabited for two generations the same chateau, is sent on with the four wheeled chaise and the sturdy black pony, and with all the eatables and drinkables, to prepare the way, and get ready the chairs and tables, bottles and glasses, knives and silver forks, without all of which a pic-nic party to the French would be anything but pleasant. They are not fond of sitting on the greensward, they have no passion for a herby table-cloth, or for hunks of bread, or clasp-knives, or eating on the lap. They love that all should be done *in order*, and that no sprains, colds, or bites, should result from their pleasure parties to the country. As when you are at Rome, you should do as they do at Rome, provided always that at Rome they do nothing ill, we foreigners acquiesced in all these arrangements, never so much as proposed to make any variation, and have therefore acquired

the title of *tres amiable*, as a recompense for our cheerful submission.

As the fine old clock in the castle of Compiègne struck ten, we left the pretty chateau of the Count. It was agreed before starting that we were to be all free as air, and that for this day at least *even Virginie* was to run about without being ever and anon pulled in by the check strings of her mother Countess. The biases of persons for each other are, however, never more strikingly seen than during walking excursions. The Count liked to laugh with my wife. The Countess made Madame D—— rather jealous by her attentions to her young bridegroom. Captain M—— picked wild flowers, berries, nuts and chataignes for Virginie. I did the amiable for Madame D——; and Doctor H——, the German philosopher, made my poor cousin Sarah trot by his side by a sort of animal magnetism he appeared to exercise, by his drolleries, humor, and satires, over her yet very superior and well-informed mind. At the same time, though the attentions and conversation of the party were thus generally divided throughout the morning's ramble to Pierrefonds, we occasionally formed one party, either to hunt for squirrels, run after rabbits, shake down the delicious chesnuts or beechnuts, and listen to the effect of the bugle played by the Count in the glorious halls of trees which we ever and anon were traversing. Doctor H—— also contributed to the life and amusement of the party by his German stories or sketches, short, but full of nerve and action.

The walk from Compiègne to Pierrefonds is right through the forest, and what a lovely walk it is! That exquisite book, 'Gilpin's Forest Scenery,' can only be *felt* by forest wanderers and forest loiterers like ourselves. The groundwork of a forest is so delicious. There are the artificial soils created by the annual dropping of leaves, blossoms, buds, berries, and little twigs and branches of each autumn and winter. The ground is not firm and solid, but soft, sinking and spongy. As you walk along, you can hardly hear your own foot-steps, and scarcely feel that you tread. Then the odors of a forest are so truly the odors of nature. The young brown bud, the advancing green leaf, the wild flowers of untold plants, even the berries and stems and stalks of leaves and shrubs, emit their perfumes, and each has its own odor, though together they combine to render the air soft and balmy. Then the lights and shadows of a forest, how matchless are they! The sea, with its billows, its waves, its green, blue, and dark or white and yellow surges, and foam, is grand and majestic,—but oh, the tints, the colors, the lights, the shades, and the shadows of a forest! The

sea, with all its grandeur, must give the palm to forest scenery.

The sun, light with its warm and brightest beams, renders the leaves of the lime transparent, gives unto the oak an air of youth, although generations unnumbered have danced beneath its shade, and imparts to the elm, the beech, and the fir-tree, a variety of aspects, all mingling together in a vast forest most enchantingly and joyously. Then the creatures of a forest, the live creatures, the birds so many and so different, the squirrels, those pretty chattering, as they spring from tree to tree, and from branch to branch: the creeping things innumerable, so variegated in coloring and so endless in form and shape; the rabbits and the hares, so full of life and of doubts, distrustful, almost, of themselves. How they scamper, burrow, hide themselves, run and dodge, and then dash away, in all the wildness of their untamed nature. Then the sounds and music of a forest, how multiplied and pure they are. The cry of the cock-pheasant, the jug of the nightingale, the choral symphonies of thousands of warblers, the deep solemn 'caw' of the rooks and the crows, the throat-piping song of the musical black-bird, the sighing of the trees, the chirping of tens of thousands and thousands of insects, and that breath of nature which may be felt and heard by the lover of nature, all fall upon the ear, not separately, not combined, but inspire with love, freedom, and happiness, even the most slavish and depressed heart. Then the population of the forest,—the shoeless but yet smiling children who collect sticks for the fire, berries for winter food, ripe wild fruits for autumnal pastry, at once wholesome and rustic; the woodcutter and his tent; the old women laden with the gleanings of their early morning's and late afternoon's work; the uncertificated game-searcher, with his belt, his gun, and his game-sack across his shoulders: the watcher or looker after goats, sheep, and even geese and turkeys, who fatten on acorns, and revel in the produce of the shrubs and small fruit-trees; the squirrel-catcher: the naturalist with his knapsack and his instruments, not of destruction, but for enticing and inveigling his prey: the bird-fancier and his nets and snares: the woodman with his slouched hat and easy gait, with his cheerful horn and his lively eye; and maidens and girls so young and so pretty, with light steps and lighter hearts, active as the chamois on the mountains, but a million times more lovely. These are the occupants of the forests. Ah me,—how different are the dwellers in cities! Then the works and labors of the forest, how interesting are they. There is a party engaged in barking trees,—another is occupied in gathering wild fruit,—a third is busy in collect-

ing beech-nuts and acorns. There is an immense plot of ground dedicated to charcoal burners. There is a groupe of woodcutters: some are sawing, some are felling, some are barking, some are collecting the sawdust, some are looking after the fires, some are preparing the wood for burning, some are heaping it up in piles, some are setting light to them, and so on: all busy, all happy, all living much like the birds and the butterflies, upon heaven's bounty, and therefore all are provided for. We are not talking of woods just now, though they are beautiful in their way, but of forests, and above all of the glorious forest of Compiègne. What pictures are in forests! The trees group themselves so fantastically, and the shrubs and plants, the lichen, the moss, the ivy, the countless creeping plants, with their black and red berries, or their snow-white flowers, look so picturesque and exquisite that they form landscapes in themselves, even without air or sky, sea or mountains, to aid them. A few wild boars are yet to be found in this fine old forest, and now and then a buzzard, or a small eagle, will appear in sight;—but mischief has little to do in this quarter, though they say the elves dance wildly, and the fairies run trippingly amongst the trees. For my own part, I can believe all this, and much more, after our beautiful morning ramble to Pierrefonds.

In the midst of the forest, as we went laughing along, we saw seated upon the ground, with a young face but a sorrowful eye, a meanly attired woman, whose age appeared to be about five and twenty.

'She is an Englishwoman,' said my wife; and she was so.

She had once been a happy and frolicksome child in the New Forest. Ill fortune had led her to Southampton—a love of novelty had induced her to cross to Havre—a Frenchman had fallen in love with her, married her, and for three years she had shared his fortunes as a soldier's wife;—but the regiment had been ordered to Algiers, her mother was in a declining state of health in England, and desired once more to see her before she died. She was on her way from the regiment and her husband across the country from Amiens, and she was gaining Compiègne on foot with her two children. Few were her years, and many were her sorrows; but her wants were limited. They slept in the woods, in barns, and even in fields, and expected to gain the shores of England in about a fortnight. She longed to rejoin her husband at Algiers, but many a dreary and a thorny league she must first traverse, and many a scorching sun or bitter blast must light upon her head. These seemed but the least of her troubles; her greatest was to be absent from her husband. Such is

woman,—faithful, fond, and firm, to the last.

A little more than two hours of moderate and quiet walking brought us to Pierrefonds. On emerging from the woods and trees, a few scattered habitations of foresters first meet the eye. They are simple indeed, and contrast strangely in the mind's memory and thinkings with the splendors of Regent-street, the whirl and hurry of London's famed city, and with the agitation and bustle, fret and stir, of a metropolitan existence. Yet these foresters are cotemporaries of ourselves. How different would be their history of the epoch in which we live, to that which we should write, when at home, surrounded by men in scenes of active and energetic movement. A short distance beyond them conducted us to the spot where first we beheld on an eminence to the left the ruins of the castle of Pierrefonds. Tintern Abbey is beautiful, and Nethley Abbey is lovely :—but Pierrefonds forever, almost against the world. It is the most fairy place our eyes ever feasted on. To describe it would be impossible—it must be seen.

We climbed the ascent which conducts to it—explored its towers, its deep wells, the entrance to its former "oubliettes," to which state captives were conducted in days of old, blindfolded, and when arrived at the precise spot, were suddenly left to pass through a falling trap-door, into deep, dark, dank, and eternal dungeons. Spikes were fixed from the sides of the descent, and the body was often thus torn to pieces before it reached the bottom. This was the sorrowful portion of the picture. But it was not without its bright side, too.—There were the ruins of the banqueting-rooms, of the chapel, of the residences of happy governors and noble barons ;—and around in every direction was a country laughing and lovely, whilst the proud forest slept at the feet of these venerable and ancient ruins. The lake was calm and beauteous. A few modern erections of the opulent and the tasteful rather infringed on the antiquity and historical recollections of the scene ; but who would wish to stop the career of civilization, or deprive man of the enjoyments which a residence in such a spot must secure?

In a village inn, on the border of the lake, we assembled to enjoy our pic-nic.—All was modesty and cleanliness. The tables were rustic, but the table-cloths were white, the water cold and clear, and the bread far-famed over the whole country.—Our ham, fowls, pie, and champagne were enjoyed with avidity, and some of the produce of the villager's garden and of the adjoining forest then graced our board. We drank 'health to those far away,' to 'a good and right understanding between France and England,' to 'our sweethearts and our

wives,' to 'the foresters of Compiègne, and then 'peace and plenty to the inhabitants of Pierrefonds.' The 'vin ordinaire' of our village host was very satisfactory, and the champagne was reserved for the toasts.—Coffee, strong, brown, and full of perfume, with a liquor made wholly from black currants, (and most delicious it is,) closed our happy meal, and we all rose from our seats most invigorated and enlivened, and fully prepared for a joyous and speedy return. It is not in France as it is in England.—The gentlemen do not claim the privilege of an extra bottle. They drink not to inebriate or excite, but to refresh and cheer themselves, and when this object is accomplished, they rise to a change of amusements or occupations.

We were walking through the village, if a few scattered houses can be dignified by such an appellation, when we heard the sound of rustic music. What could it be? At the door of a cottage sat an old woman, with a mild and contented eye. Beside her was a young man decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Around and about him were brethren and sisters, relatives and friends. Some empty stone bottles lay upon the ground ; an infant, fat and nearly naked, was rolling on the grass, hugging an empty bottle, and then endeavoring to ascertain if no portion of the cider it had lately held had been left within it ; four young couples were dancing in front of the dwelling, and some musicians from a neighboring village were performing, at least to their own hearts' content, upon indifferent fiddles, and rather singular fifes. Never mind—they were all the happiest of the happy, and the occasion was one of rational joy and well-founded delight.

The eldest son of the family, his mother being a widow, had returned from Algiers. His period of service as a soldier had expired, and he had come back decorated with an emblem which always gives pleasure to French hearts, and which proved that he had been courageous and patriotic. The cross of the Legion of Honor was dearer to him, and to that happy circle, than piles of gold, or than even the treasury of France itself. The former ploughman had been a warrior ; and the warrior now once more returned to his rural and domestic life.—But he so returned covered with laurels, and had raised his family, by his courage and virtue, to an equality even with the mayor of the village.

"When he should wear his cross, and pass by the soldiers of Compiègne, they must present arms to him." That was one glorious fixed idea of his aged mother.—She felt that she was raised in the scale of creation by the valor and rewards of her son, and her countenance depicted her joy. We left the scene of mirth and revelry in regret, but not until we had gratified the

old dame by touching glasses with her, filled with some good-bodied, but rough Picardy cider.

At the hour of five, the Colonel sounded the bugle. It was time to set off on our return to the chateau of Compiègne. Our forces assembled, but cousin Sarah was not to be found. Where could she be? All were anxious except the Doctor,—but he smiled and smirked, though he professed his utter ignorance of her fate. Where could the truant be? Always indifferent to hours, times and seasons, she had stolen away from the cider and the dancing scene to the far-famed ruins. She was resolved to sketch a castle she could never perchance gaze on again, and the horn blew in vain until that sketch was completed.—At about half past five, she came creeping quietly through the village, with a drawing-book and pencil, and would have received a scolding had she not produced an admirable sketch of the exquisitely beautiful chateau.

At length the caravan moved on, at a somewhat quicker pace than usual, in order to make up for lost time. The Doctor and cousin Sarah at first took the lead;—but he so frightened her with stories of assassinations, robberies, and forest monsters who carried young ladies away, that she thought it best to return to the united forces of the Count, myself, the Captain and Monsieur D—.

We had marched about an hour, when, the ladies becoming fatigued, it was proposed, as the moon would rise shortly, to make a halt. Cousin Sarah, who is fond of mischief, intimated that it would be very agreeable to light a forest fire. This was contrary to law, and was vigorously opposed by the Count and the Captain.—But reasoning was useless. The fire must be made, and so it was. There small chestnuts were roasted, fairy tales were recounted, and the Count and the Captain sang some good songs. At last, strange voices, still far off, were heard. They were evidently those of men who were angry, and strong oaths and menaces proceeded from them as they approached us.

‘We shall all be arrested,’ said the Count.—‘they are gend’armes and forest guards. This fire, small though it be, is an infraction of the laws. Mademoiselle Sarah, prepare for prison.’

‘Let us put out the fire, in an instant,’ cried the everlasting Sarah; and in less than one minute, we were all engaged in extinguishing, with our feet, and with hastily plucked grass, the fire which had so recently blazed.

‘I am surprised that you should so act, Monsieur le Compte,’ said the chief of the forest-guards, as he came up to us with six other guards and gend’armes; ‘at least you should know better.’

‘Than to do what?’ inquired the Count, with affected surprise.

‘Than to kindle a fire in the forest,’ answered the chief; but as it is now all out, I will say nothing about it if these persons (pointing to his companions,) are paid for their trouble.’

The five gentlemen subscribe four francs each, and with the twenty francs between them, the forest-guards and gend’armes retired to some wine-house near the forest to drink success to our pic-nic.

The clock chimed half past eight, as we entered the drawing-room of the Count.—Some were cold, and some were tired; but cheerful lights, tea, liquors, syrups, and wine, music and chit-chat, enlivened and cheered us before nine; and the evening was spent so happily, that the Count did not lose his guests before the dial of the bronze pendule pointed to half past eleven.

‘Thank you, my dear Count and Countess, for a most happy day,’ I then said most sincerely, and now repeat most heartily.—It stands forth in all its rich and bright coloring as one of the most happy of my life.

MORAL.—How delightful a thing it is to be merry and happy.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE FAIRY SURPRISED.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF A BELIEVER IN DREAMS.

It is often alleged that the present appearance of life is prosaic. This is a vague term at the best; but here it may be understood to imply, that in the actual state of things there is little to excite the imaginative, in contrast with the logical faculties: no element of grace or variety,—and that it rarely presents us with anything very characteristic, strange or beautiful. I could never bring myself to admit the truth of such assertions; believing that poetry, the opposite to prose, is an element of the inmost nature of man,—and that it cannot, as these complaints would seem to imply, fall away like a mere mask from the shrivelled face of life. On the contrary, instead of a factitious and outward covering, dependent on accident or time, it should rather be deemed an ingredient in the heart's-blood of human nature, pervading it with infinite and inscrutable currents, and coloring its complexion as long as it continues to exist. There is no doubt that the face and relations of society have undergone great changes within the last century: and that we should now seek in vain for many of the forms in which older poetry delighted. If we would pursue the marvellous or the affecting, they are to be found in other ways than those where they used formerly to appear. The

striking colors, the contrasts, the vehement display of individual character and passion, which once arose on every hand, are now scarcely visible. Of this external dress the picturesque of life has indeed been deprived. But it is not to be inferred from hence that the real body no longer lives or speaks. The language is not extinct; its symbols, although changed, are still intelligible, they are daily read by all; but we are not yet accustomed to the new manner of speech, and therefore call it by a number of strange names.

I therefore proceed to relate what happened in this Autumn of 1817: the year in which it will be remembered, I became of age, and succeeded to an independent fortune, which, if not considerable, was at least competent. I left in London a home full of cheerful faces, and a pleasant circle of acquaintance, to travel on the Continent, with all the buoyancy and thirst for change and adventure, which belong to youth, health, and sanguine spirits. On my way to embark at Southampton, I turned aside for the festival which was held that year at Salisbury; having always been allured by music, wherever it was to be heard. The scene was calculated to raise even the duller spirits. The city, although not absolutely beautiful, is at all times redeemed from tameness by its noble cathedral, which, in site, has so much the advantage of York. In this finest of all fine Autumns, the streets and the surrounding meadows were alive with throngs of holiday people, and crowded with the beauty of three counties. I have always thought that the English gentry show more disposition to be gay at the celebration of these festivals than at any other season:—perhaps because it is a pleasure both national, aristocratic, and time-honored; at all events, unless it was the light of my own spirit which was reflected upon them, I never saw more of the appearance of enjoyment than in the assemblage of notables and beauties gathered at Salisbury on that occasion. The music was unusually good; and there was so much on all sides to amuse and occupy me, that I did not remember, until the day of the fancy ball—the last of the festival—that I was without a companion or acquaintance in the place. On this occasion, however, the sense of loneliness was not agreeable, as it was not enough to feast my eyes only on the engaging Bohemians, Cowslips, and Erminias, that flitted about on the arms of various exotic characters, looking (as my dear countrymen always do on such occasions) miserably ashamed of themselves. The *coup d'œil* was sufficiently effective; but the eye grew tired of the never-ending change of motley, and longed to rest on “some bright particular star.” Mine I soon discovered: a girl, hardly seventeen,

in the costume of Titania, as I supposed, from her gauze wings and silver wand;—and it happened, when I first noticed her, that her partner who had adorned his head and jaws with some species of remarkable hairy contrivance, struck me as an admirable substitute for the wearer of the ass's nose. The dress suited the character of her face, which was exceedingly arch and winning, with an expression of brilliant gaiety quite dazzling; and she danced with a lightness of foot, which would have done her credit at a revel in Fairyland. I placed myself where I could observe her uninterruptedly, and was soon enamored of her appearance to such a degree, that I grew fierce at seeing her dancing and laughing with others, while I, who was dying to approach her, could not find a soul to help me with an introduction. Chance, however, befriended me at a later period of the evening, when the opening of the supper-room, the access to which was through a passage or lobby, both narrow and crooked, set in motion the hungry paraders. In threading this *mauvais pas*, I was turned quite round by the sudden rearward charge of a very fat lady in a turban; and, lo! there was my Fairy Queen, separated from her party by the crowd, and cowering in a corner, with looks, in which timidity and amusement seemed to contend. It was only a positive duty to approach her, for she ran some risk of being stifled: to address her cost me no little effort. I was confident enough in those days, but there was already awakened within me, by this lovely girl, something of that emotion that makes the most audacious timid. However, I summoned all the courage I could command, and (being in a troubadour's dress) accosted her with some attempt at the manner suitable to the assumed character of both, while I endeavored to proffer my service, which really was needed, until her friends should find her, as earnestly and respectfully as I could. At first she seemed doubtful whether she would at all allow it or not; but either fear, or the tone of the address, decided in my favor; and, by degrees, as for the time it was hopeless to think of stirring, her shyness wore away. No sooner was this restraint removed, than our conversation became very sportive and animated; and, as I persisted in treating her as the Elfin Queen, she enchanted me with the spirit and fancy of her replies, although my self-love was not spared in the lively sallies with which she encountered my rhapsodies. In half an hour I was completely at her mercy,—utterly piqued and captivated to such a degree that there was hardly any folly which I should not at the moment have been ready to commit, if it would have prevented her from defeating my wish to pursue her further. The moments were

escaping, and I attempted in vain to discover who she was, and where she dwelt. Approaches which I thought dextrous and sudden were evaded with the utmost ease. I saw that from a circuitous course I had nothing to hope: and at length was compelled in direct English to entreat that the Fairy Queen would tell me what was her name by day. To this plain request was returned a laughing, but peremptory denial, although I declared my own address and denomination, and used every means of supporting my petition that occurred at the moment. At length, with a sudden expression of the gayest naivete, she said:

"You are a stranger then, in Salisbury?"

"A mere bird of passage," I replied.

"And leave it for Provence or Palestine?"

"To-morrow," was my answer, although I rather designed to remain.

"Oh!" she continued hastily, "why should you then have been so troublesome?—if you had resided here, some one would surely have been able to introduce you to Miss Vane."

"And if not," I said, "will you refuse to speak to me?"

She did not immediately reply, but seemed as if she had discovered some flaw in the medallion of her bracelet; and the instant she raised her eyes again, exclaimed: "Oh, there is my party," and had disappeared between two Polish nobles and the devil, before I could ask another question, or persuade her to reply to my last. At the same time, the group which had covered her retreat drew nearer, and I was seized by the Prince of Darkness, in whom I had some difficulty in recognizing my school friend Tempest. He was a native of the city, but had only run down from his chambers in the Temple to be present at the ball, which explained our not having seen each other during the festival.

"You are the very person I could have wished to meet," I said, almost before he had time to express his surprise at finding me in Salisbury. "Can you tell me who is Miss Vane, the young lady that ran past you this instant; where does she live?"

"O yes," he answered, laughing; "but what can you possibly have to ask about her? I saw her just now, looking quite charming, with a skewer or caduceus, or something wonderfully like either in her hand. She lives in the Cathedral close." I was about to ask for more information, when he caught a glimpse of some lady in the distance; and, most inappropriately exclaiming, "Thank God! there is the Madonna once more!" was out of my reach in a moment. I could not find the Devil nor Titania again: the hour was growing late, and I supposed they must both have left the rooms.

It seemed that Tempest knew the lady.

His family, with which I was not acquainted, lived in the city: but through his means I doubted not to obtain an introduction her. It was some time, however, on the following morning, before I could discover the residence of his friends; and when I arrived there, I learned that he had departed for London by the early coach, so that my hopes in this quarter were at an end. After some deliberation, curiosity and eagerness got the better of reason, and I determined to invade the dwelling of my enchantress with no other guide than my own assurance. Whether she might have father, brother or duennas, I did not at the moment trouble myself to discuss. I was resolved to speak to her again, if possible. Vanity suggested that my presence would not be unwelcome, in spite of her assumed coyness; and youthful impertinence added, that if young girls will frequent fancy balls and ravish the hearts of all beholders, they cannot expect to be left alone. By considerations such as these, I comforted myself on the way to the close; and before I reached the house, which was readily pointed out to me, I had decided that the course I had taken was in the highest degree natural and becoming, if not exemplary. I confidently inquired for Miss Vane, and was admitted.

The appearance of the room was not such as I could have expected to find in the dwelling of Titania. It had not a trace of the prettiness and elegance, which in some thing or other are rarely wanting in a place frequented by a refined young female.—Every thing looked cold, and pinched, and dingy. There were tall chairs with straight backs and faded cushions; a harpsichord with thin decrepit legs, looking a picture of shabby old age; and the mantle-piece was adorned with large shells, and pitchers filled with everlastings. On glancing at the walls, I was disheartened still further by the sight of much framed worsted work. I began to fear that I had made some mistake. In the midst of my qualms a creaking foot was heard in the passage—it could never be my Fairy's!—the door was opened, "and Telemachus knew that he beheld Minerva!"

A tall, gaunt figure, that had once perhaps been fair, and might formerly have been young, advanced into the middle of the room; and after a formal courtesy, stood expecting my address with a look of severe inquiry. The disappointment was painful—the position nearly desperate. I felt its absurdity, which was worst of all. "I beg your pardon, but it was Miss Vane on whom I have taken the liberty of waiting," was all I could say.

"I am Miss Vane," she replied with a voice like that of a macaw; "please to state your business."

"There is surely some mistake," I said,

"some misunderstanding—your sister, or niece, perhaps: she was at the fancy ball, dressed as Titania."

"Sir," answered the spinster, with much bitterness, "I have neither niece nor sister, and I was Titania, although I do not see what concern this may be of yours."

The trick that had been played upon me flashed across my mind at this moment. It was a piece of deliberate wickedness on the part of my fair tormentor. I made an awkward attempt to cover the necessary retreat from this false position.

"Exactly," I said: "I fear I have expressed myself imperfectly. May I solicit a description of your costume, to appear in the list of the company which will be published in the *Journal* of Monday next?"—thinking myself very clever that I had recollected the name of a paper which I had seen at the inn; but here, also, I was unfortunate.

"This is some deception," rejoined the stately lady. "I have already been visited by the Editor, whom I know, and I suspect your intentions." Saying this she advanced a step nearer, looking at me with an expression of countenance which made me fear a seizure of my person. I was too much alarmed to reply, but bowed, and passed by her, fairly run out of the house, without stopping until I reached my hotel.

Here I had leisure to reflect on the absurdity of my conduct, and the mirth which I had provided for the mischievous little Fairy; it was a punishment of my coxcombry not the less unpalatable, because I felt it to be deserved. I had not even the satisfaction of discovering the name of her who had fooled me so completely. In a small neighborhood like this, the matter was sure to be made public, as the festival guests had now left it to its habitual dullness; yet I lingered there for two days longer, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of my sweet enemy; but she was not to be seen; she had probably been merely a passing visitant, although she must, I concluded, have some acquaintance with the people of the city. For, before I departed, I learned, from cautious inquiries, enough to see how well the instrument of my discomfiture had been chosen; the lady being celebrated for sourness of temper and unwilling maidenhood, which had on more than one occasion been vexed by mischievous pleasantries. There was nothing left but to digest the mortification as well as I could, reserving the purpose of an adequate revenge, in the improbable event of my ever meeting its author again; and to proceed on my way to France. As my vexation subsided, the recollection of her beauty and wit regained the ascendant, and in a few days I liked her all the better for the dexterity with which she chastised my presumption: a

little longer, and the entire adventure was effaced from my mind by other scenes and impressions.

Here, to continue the thread of the narrative, a period of five years must be passed over, the details of which will be resumed elsewhere. A short interval like this, when chequered by sorrow and mischance, is sufficient to work a startling change even in the most sanguine natures. No one who saw me return to England in 182-, I think, would have recognised in the silent melancholy-looking man, timid and grave beyond his years, the same person who was so forward and light-hearted at twenty-one. Death had made my home utterly desolate; sickness had barely ceased to drain the springs of my life; friends whom I had served and trusted had deeply injured me; and the pressure of some most harassing cares had subdued all elasticity of spirit. I was saddened by a review of the past, nearly aimless as to the future: it seemed as if my part was already played out, and that nothing remained but to drop the curtain. All that I had most loved was gone; my cherished designs had been disappointed, and the energy to advance in some other path was for the time wanting. I had, therefore, no refuge but in the scanty pleasures of the recluse, which have at least the advantage of being easily found, and little interfered with. These were the conclusions of a sick mind, impatient of the hard lesson which life teaches, and refusing such pleasures as it may still bestow, because it has taken those away which were chiefly desired. The young, who are early tried with sorrow, rarely escape from this disease; but it is one which, if not too hastily encountered by some desperate act of rashness, is gradually relieved by the fresh growth of existence within. It is only the aged mourner to whom time and the hour bring no alleviation.

There was a visiter of the news-room which I used to frequent at Southampton, who appeared to be nearly as much of a stranger there as myself: a tall, eager-looking man, with a fine head thinly covered with white hair, careless in his dress, but with the unquestionable air and bearing of a gentleman. He seemed to be, like the subject of Beranger's song, *curieux et novelliste*, to an extreme degree; for I am sure to find him devouring all manner of newspapers, in his seat at the back window, at any hour between ten o'clock and noon. The accident of my preferring the same corner, the exchange of a paper, or some trifle of the kind, introduced us to each other. I found him intelligent and well-mannered; and, as we continued to meet in the same place, an acquaintance gradually grew up between us. His remarks betrayed some reading and considerable knowledge of the world, with a vein

of cynical humor, which was rather congenial to my own mood at the time. On one occasion, as we happened to leave the room together, the mention of a particular book led to an inspection of my library, which was a good one; and the manner in which he fastened on its choicer contents increased my liking for him. A common interest of this kind, and the weariness of utter solitude, disposed me to find pleasure in his society; and our intercourse, without any warmth on either side, by degrees became closer. For some months we met almost daily, and I received him as a frequent visiter at my lodging, without ever caring to know more of his history than that he was called Everard, was a widower, and resided in a house of his own not far from the town. At first I could not divine why he should have such a liking for my company, moody and taciturn as I then was prone to be; but I soon discovered that he came as much for the sake of my books as on my account. But as he was a pleasant and gentlemanly companion, I did not take any offence at a circumstance which relieved me from the effort to be entertaining at times when I happened to be more depressed in spirits than usual.

It was towards the beginning of winter that our meeting in this manner ceased. Mr. Everard no longer appeared at the news room, nor did he visit me, as usual, to return the last book which I had lent him and ask for some other. His presence had become so habitual to me that I felt annoyed as day after day passed over, and no one came to interrupt the solitude of those long November evenings; yet I was reluctant to inquire after him at his own house, so entirely had the wretched disease of shyness and unsocial distrust taken possession of me. The privation, however, filled up the measure of my weariness in the place; and in a sudden fit of energy, inspired by petulance, I packed up my wearables for Brussels, where I had still some acquaintances left. So impatient was I to fulfil the purpose of instant departure, that I determined to proceed at once alone, leaving my servant to follow, after he had disposed of my books and other valuables in proper custody. On the night before the intended journey, having taken a place in the London Mail of the next morning, I was visited by the first dream which concerns this part of my story. A little before day-break there came over me a feeling of delicious repose and cheerfulness, such as I had not experienced for some years, whether waking or asleep. I seemed to be surrounded by an atmosphere of pearly clouds, like those which return the last rays of the moon when the sunrise is just at hand; and it was full of the voices of those whom I had lost, which were

whispering to me on every side, with a softness that deprived me of all sorrow as I listened to them. Gradually the sounds became confused, and melted into a murmur like the faintest tones of an Æolian harp; at the same time the clouds were drawn aside, disclosing a sky of an intense deep blue; and from the midst of this heaven there gazed down upon me, with looks of longing tenderness, a face, the sweetness and charm of which sank into my very soul. I cannot describe the expression of gracious and earnest affection which animated every feature; but the eyes especially, were soft and almost passionate in the regard which they fixed on mine. It was this expression alone, combined with a kind of spiritual grace, that belonged to the world of dreams,—the countenance I had seen before, but had utterly forgotten for years:—it recalled the beauty of the Fairy Queen. On being awakened from this pleasant vision, I felt as if a new life had been diffused through my frame. The impression of delight and fondness was too deep to subside for many days; and from this time it seemed as if the cloud which had lain on my spirits began to pass away.

The sound which had recalled me to common life was caused by my servant's entering to warn me that the mail would start in less than an hour. I cannot say how the connexion arose in my mind between the fascination of this dream and a reluctance to pursue my journey: perhaps because I had fallen into that kind of delicious reverie which exertion is apt to disturb. However this may have been, I felt as if I could be happy to remain where I was, and countermanded the arrangements for my departure. On the evening of the same day a note was brought to me: it was from Mr. Everard, to the following effect: "I am a prisoner at home. The gout has fastened on both my feet, and I have no hope of seeing you for some weeks, unless you will favor me with your company here. It will be a great charity. I return Du Plessis Mornay. If you have the *Mem. de Tavannes*, pray send them as a corrective. Yours,—"

There was no concealing that the *Marechal's Memoirs* had fully as much to do with this petition as any wish of Mr. Everard's to see me; nevertheless, I was glad to have heard from him again, and called on the following day.

The appearance of his house convinced me that its owner was either a poor or a close-handed man. There was no absolute want that could be pointed out; but the furniture and appointments were scanty and plain,—there was nothing superfluous or elegant. It was left for later acquaintance with Mr. Everard to discover which of these suppositions was the correct one, and hereby to obtain a key to some other

singularities in his habits and conduct which had puzzled me frequently. He was in reality a man of sufficient means; but a course of extravagance in early life had at one time rendered strict retrenchment necessary to repair his damaged fortune; and he continued the habit thus acquired, after it had ceased to be a duty.

With all this I was struck, on entering his sitting room, by the discovery of an ornament that I had little expected to find there. A lady's scarf and parasol lay on a side table. He appeared to have noticed my surprise, for in replying to my condolences and inquiries, he said:

"I fear that I am a doomed man until the winter is over. My attacks are always terribly obstinate. You see I am quite a cripple; and have been forced to send for a nurse." While he was speaking, the door flew open, and a musical "Papa!" was followed by the entrance of a lovely girl, who came in with a bounding step, quite full of some question she had to ask, or some news she had to tell. On seeing a stranger, she checked herself, blushed, and subsiding into the elegant composure of a well-bred young lady, was about to retire quietly, when Everard asked her to remain, and presented me to his daughter Clarence.

I never saw a more beautiful creature: she was a perfect example of the rarest charms which seem especially to belong to Englishwomen, with a radiant complexion, luxuriant brown hair, and dark blue eyes, so large that they would have almost been a defect, but for the long fringes which shaded them, and the joyous light with which they seemed absolutely to glitter and sparkle. Her person was a little above the middle height, straight and slim, but exquisitely rounded, a perfect union of softness and grace, with a swan-like neck, absolutely haughty; and, as I observed, (having a special eye to such endowments) very small hands and feet. I was bewildered as I gazed on all this beauty, and heard the silver tones in which the few words she spoke were uttered, by their association with something which I had seen and heard before. In another instant I remembered the appearance in my dream. Yet this was by no means the same aspect. The Fairy Queen of the Salisbury ball—she, again was different: a slender, childish, shadowy creature in comparison with this. Yet I could not help being reminded of her. It was probably a mere fancy occasioned by the dream. This kind of speculation went on during the exchange of common-places that ensued on her entrance, in which she took little part, perusing me occasionally the while with glances as quick and brilliant as rays thrown from a diamond; and having remained no longer than courtesy might require, took

the scarf and parasol and retired. After she had closed the door, Mr. Everard, as if to account for his previous silence concerning so interesting a relation, remarked, with true parental coolness, "She will find herself terribly dull here. In general she lives with her aunt, as I do not keep house for ladies: and after Bath, this kind of seclusion will be an unwelcome change to high spirits like hers. But I hope it will not last very long." With these words he closed the subject: but I could not follow him as readily as usual in any other: my eyes were still full of the beautiful apparition, and the tones of her voice were echoing in my ears. But she did not reappear; and after staying longer than I ought to have done, I willingly promised to repeat my visit, in the hope of seeing her again. Everard's gout became worse: and I must confess that, for the first time since our acquaintance began, I took considerable pains to amuse him. He had now acquired a totally new value in my eyes. In a short time my frequent visits to Sandown became as much a matter of course as his to my rooms had formerly been. I saw Clarence constantly, and this was nearly all. Her father was not disposed to allow any third sharer in the conversation, which he entirely directed to such matters of politics or literature as would not be likely to attract or suit a young lady. I was, moreover, become diffident; and the more I admired her supreme beauty, the less I felt myself qualified to claim her attention. What she did occasionally contribute to the conversation was full of a spirit quite in unison with the formidable archness of her eyes: and the sensitive lonely man became afraid of the ridicule which she seemed capable of expressing so powerfully. Yet, if she did not herself say much, she did not appear to be indifferent to the conversation: and while I was addressing Everard, the consciousness of her presence gave a tone to my expressions which assuredly did not make them colder than usual. I was, however, in an uncomfortable position, eager to approach one whom I could not regard without interest, and yet unable to do so; even constrained to repress the appearance of any wish, and seemingly removed farther from its accomplishment every day. The worst consequence of such a position is, that it tends to increase daily any sense of awkwardness or embarrassment that may have existed at the outset; while it irritates the feelings by the mere power of contradiction, and makes them prone to all manner of extravagances. It certainly required no peculiar arrangement of circumstances to account for the impression which the constant presence of such a being as Clarence Everard soon made on a solitary like me, although I had thought myself

past the reach of ladies' eyes. But I doubt if, in another time and place, it would have been so suddenly and deeply struck as I felt it to be before I had known her for a month. Of this I became most unpleasantly aware on every occasion when Mr. Everard named to his daughter (with needless frequency, I thought) a certain cousin Will, who appeared to be a prominent figure in her history; and the burning of my cheek, and a restlessness that I could hardly control, told me that I was already so far gone as to be desperately jealous of a lady to whom I had scarcely spoken a dozen words, and who gave no sign of the slightest inclination to add to their number!

Towards Christmas, Everard became still worse, and the severe fits of pain to which he was subject used to exhaust him considerably. After one of these, he often fell into a deep slumber, after tea, to which my presence made no interruption; and it was during these periods that I began for the first time to converse with Clarence in whispers, not to disturb the sleeper, as she sat netting, with her eyes fixed on him.

What a fascinating creature she was when she deigned to open her lips on these occasions! An unforced liveliness gave spirit to every word she uttered, and almost made you forget that you were listening to thoughts and expressions far above the common level of a girl's discourse.—She was very well informed, but everything she said was evidently unstudied and natural, and flowed from her with the most delicious *naïveté*, in all manner of fanciful and original combinations: so that her conversation alone, when she vouchsafed to afford it, would have rendered her absolutely charming to any one capable of following her quick wit, independently of her rare beauty. Yet with all this there was a touch of decided wilfulness that overawed me. She flew from any subject which assumed an air of seriousness with the impatience of a butterfly; and my gravity and sensitiveness seemed to afford her an amusement little flattering to my vanity. I had not long conversed with her before I was convinced of her identity with the Titania of the festival ball. The difference in person and mind was not more than an interval of nearly five years would produce in perfecting the graces of both. The wit, self-possession and archness were too peculiar to belong to two individuals; and the tone of her voice, now grown a little fuller and softer, had nevertheless a character which I felt to be the same that had charmed me before. I refrained from satisfying myself on this point by any direct inquiry. It was evident that she had not the least idea that we had ever previously met; which was not wonderful, as I

was entirely changed since then, both in appearance and manner. Nor did I at all regret this, seeing that no man, particularly if shy and depressed, would seek to be associated with ludicrous images in the mind of a woman whom he begins to adore. This was now my condition with respect to sweet, unaccountable Clarence Everard.

Great was my disgust, therefore, to find one evening in the new year, the very cousin Will of my fears seated at her tea-table with the bearing of a familiar guest, and addressing my tormentor unconcernedly by her Christian name, like one on the easiest possible terms both with her and with himself. He was a tall youth, not ill-looking, but to my fancy, extremely assuming and priggish, and rather dull than otherwise: with a proneness to be tedious, and a profusion of small coxcombries of speech and manner, which I should have thought Clarence must have especially contemned. To my chagrin, however, she treated him in a kind of indifferent amicable way that increased my dislike for him: without any sign of preference, indeed, while she visited his *platitudes* now and then with a glance or a word so keen and quick that I wondered how he bore it without shrinking. At the same time, she seemed to permit, as a matter of course, a tone of intimacy that I could not avoid envying. He was not in the least disturbed by her sallies, which either he did not feel or had learned the danger of resenting. With all this I felt myself thrown to an immeasurable distance. The brief and delightful dialogues which used to take place when Everard was sleeping were, of course, at an end, and another had stepped between me and the object of my thoughts in a way that seemed to render all nearer approach on my part impossible. Hitherto I had only felt the absence of any reason for hope; now I saw there was sufficient cause to despair of eliciting any interest in her affections. Still I continued to frequent the house, although I seldom left it without a resolve to abstain in future from an intercourse which only became more mortifying to me on each repetition. But sometimes, when Everard would ask me to return on a particular evening, Clarence would raise her eyes for an instant, and look at me with a glance of inquiry—at least so I thought—and this was enough to secure my obedience.

I happened to be present on one occasion when she had been amusing herself by an attempt to mystify, in some way or other, cousin Will. It had been quite successful, and provoked him to say with some asperity:

"I wish, Clarence, that you would cease to make a jest of every one that falls in your way: the habit will one day or other

place you in some vexatious scrape : remember how barely you escaped from that silly festival business—I thought that it might have served for a warning."

"You should have thought just the reverse," she replied, "and rather admire my extreme self-control ever since, after once yielding to such a temptation. Mr. Fanshawe shall judge," she said: and proceeded in the most gleeful and amusing manner to give me an account of my well-known Salisbury adventure, with less in dulgence, of course, than appears in my own version, and with the most humorous exposure of my boyish forwardness,—adding a sequel which was new to me: namely, that the spinster, (my ogress) distracted between fears of a robbery and hopes of a wooer, had, for weeks afterwards, prepared for the intruder's reappearance, by alternately mounting some choice piece of finery by day, and feeling a patrol to watch her door by night, until she became the town's talk. To this, cousin Will, however, subjoined, first, that Clarence had actually been in Miss Vane's house at the moment of my call, and had nearly been caught by me in the sitting-room: and next, that she had indiscreetly imparted the story to some female acquaintances; and had great difficulty afterwards in concealing her share in the transaction, when by this means the trick became publicly known, to the exceeding wrath of the old maid—a relation of Everard's, and one whom he especially feared to offend, as she was rich, unmarried, and had no nearer heir than himself.—It may be imagined how I relished the details of my discomfiture, seasoned by the most pungent drollery by the person of all others whom I chiefly wished to please;—yet so happily were they told, that I could not avoid being really amused; and my wounded vanity was a little healed by her closing remark which I was foolish enough to take *de bonne foi*, although it was evidently meant solely as a punishment for cousin Will's lecture: "After all," she said "I have since regretted that he missed me; for, presuming as he certainly was, he was almost young and handsome enough to excuse it." Shortly afterwards, my rival retired, and, as it was still early, I remained at Everard's request; but in a few minutes he began to doze as usual, and I had once more an opportunity of speaking to Clarence alone. I felt an irresistible temptation (encouraged, perhaps, by her last words) to reveal myself to her as the subject of her story, and did so at once, without further consideration. The discovery took her completely by surprise: she started and gazed at me most intently for some moments, as if trying to trace in my features any recollected traits; then blushing all over, she only exclaimed: "How you are changed!" then, covering her face

with both hands, and in spite of every effort, laughed until the tears trickled from between her rosy fingers. When this had partly subsided, she looked up again, and in a most charming way began to offer something like an apology; but the absurdity of the whole affair, and perhaps a slight degree of hysterical excitement, again overcame her, and she was interrupted at every moment by little gushes of laughter, sounding so fresh and joyous, that it was delightful to hear them, altho' at my own expense. At last, in spite of my mortification, the contagion became irresistible, and I echoed her so heartily that Everard awoke. I felt infinitely obliged to her for explaining this unusual mirth to her father without betraying my secret; and I had reason to believe that she was no less generous in concealing it from cousin Will: from this time, whenever we were alone, I ventured to call her "the Fairy," which she did not absolutely prohibit. Yet I felt that I had taken a foolish step, and had placed myself more utterly at her mercy than ever; it had, perhaps, removed a little of the distance between us, but in a way quite the reverse of favorable to my present position. I could see, as I thought, the utterance of some ridiculous allusion hovering on her lips at every moment, and only kept back by maidenly delicacy and good breeding: and was mortified by the conviction that I had inflicted this disadvantage on myself irrevocably.

Of this every day confirmed the impression: Miss Everard became, if possible, more unapproachable, and if she favored me by any notice at all, it was when she exercised her wit or fancy at the expense of something that I had happened to utter, and thus added to my diffidence and perplexity. This again increased the contrast between her bright spirits and triumphant beauty, and my own gloomy and sorrowful appearance; so that every day, while I more fondly admired her, I felt more thoroughly the folly of my pretensions.—Mr. Everard also informed me about this time that cousin Will was destined to receive the hand of his lovely child, and hereby completed the measure of my mortification. The only way to avoid needless pain was to retire at once; and I had fully resolved to do so, when a second dream, to be described hereafter, changed my purpose, or at least weakened my resolution. It was an appearance of Clarence, so delightful, so totally unlike her real bearing towards me, and left an impression so sweet and lasting, that I could not bring myself to forego her presence which constantly recalled the charming illusion. They who are too busy to give place to anything that is not material, will laugh at this confession; but they may be assured that in certain dispositions, and under some influen-

ces of solitude or grief, visitations like this have an absolute power which is seldom dreamed of by "your philosophy."

The effect of Miss Everard's actual position, and of this brooding fancy, on the other hand, was to impart to my intercourse with her something of the far-off devotion with which a mystic regards the chosen saint of his prayers. I had ceased to entertain the slightest hope of interesting her affections: in her presence I rarely ventured to address her, and cherished in solitude the vision of a being so unlike her real self as if this were the real object of my love, and she merely an image that recalled it. That such a prepossession rendered me still more absent and reserved than formerly, may be easily conceived; and many were the occasions which it furnished for the graceful irony with which Clarence seemed to take pleasure in disturbing me. Nevertheless, I had become gradually less impatient and dejected; it seemed as if the agitation of fruitless wishes was at an end, and I lived in a kind of visionary enjoyment, which the sight of her kept alive.—In this singular condition I hardly noticed the lapse of time, as the winter wore on, and spring began to open. With the cold weather Mr. Everard's gout slowly retired, and as soon as he was able to walk once more, the subject of his daughter's return to her usual residence began to be named. The incursions of cousin Will had continued at intervals throughout this period; we never liked each other, and I avoided him as much as possible; my chief intercourse was now, as formerly, with Mr. Everard, but the visits to Sandown were altogether fewer. I could be happy in dreaming of Clarence when alone; but in her presence there was always a sense of pain and estrangement, which all the ease of her address (for she now began to treat me as an old but common acquaintance) could not alleviate; add to this the introduction of another party into the small household circle, whom I have not hitherto had occasion to mention—an old lady who came with the new year, ostensibly as Miss Everard's guest, but in reality to act as her chaperon,—another cause which now kept me more at a distance from her than ever.

It was, after all, late in the month of April before her father's health was sufficiently restored to allow of Clarence's departure, which was to take place on the 29th. Cousin Will had not been seen since the 1st of the month, which was signalized by his being made a most distinguished "April-fool,"—his absence was probably caused by resentment of this displeasure from his ladye-love. I was asked by Mr. Everard to dine on the day before she was to leave Sandown; and most reluctantly consented, knowing how much pain I must endure in this manner of leave-taking.—

Although I had renounced all hope of ever being nearer to her than I then was, still it was a sad prospect to lose what had been the chief occupation of my mind and feelings for many months, and know that it was never to be restored again. It was, therefore, quite natural, that on the night before this last interview, I should dream of the subject which entirely overcame me; but I could not but regard it as something strange that my dream should be an exact repetition, in every particular, of the last to which I have adverted; especially as its tenor was quite at variance with all that I had ever seen of Miss Everard's feelings and demeanor towards me. Again the influence of the dream remained almost as strong after waking as before; and although fully persuaded that it was a mere pleasant illusion, I could hardly, even at this moment, refrain from forgetting the actual departure of Clarence in the contemplation of her image so graciously presented to me during sleep.

Those who have given the reins to fancy in this manner, are rarely exact in their worldly proceedings. It has always been a matter of wonder and congratulation to me that I completed my toilette without making some flagrant omission or mistake in costume: as it was, I entirely deluded myself as to the proper time, and presented myself at Sandown, more than an hour earlier than I ought to have done. Mr. Everard had tired himself with too long a walk, and was dozing in the study; Clarence was still in the drawing-room, as lively and tormenting as usual, but retired in a few minutes to dress. The aged lady, thank Heaven, had gone home the day before, so that I was left quite alone to my reverie, and in a few moments was as completely absorbed in the dream which haunted me, as though I had in reality been once more asleep. So vivid and soothing was its remembrance, that I quite forgot where I was, and sate gazing on vacancy in a kind of pleasant trance; and even the entrance of Clarence, when she returned, did not break the illusion, but merely strengthened it, by being at once interwoven with the tissue of the dream. I must certainly have made a very singular appearance; for I neither rose nor spoke when she came in, but remained eyeing her with the utmost intentness, shading my forehead with both hands, and breathing quick, like one in a fever. No wonder that she was surprised at so unusual an exhibition! After observing it for a while she at length dissolved the spell by asking: "What has happened? Are you ill, or bewitched, Mr. Fanshawe? Pray, do not frighten me by looking as if a ghost was in the room!"

I started at her voice; but for an instant was still too much confused to reply sen-

sibly. The first sensation I had felt was of anger at being interrupted in so delicious a reverie; and forgetting what she had said, I replied, with some pettishness, I believe—

"Who is there?—oh! Miss Everard!—pardon me, I was dreaming, I am afraid,—yes, dreaming—and so delightfully, that I am almost sorry that you awakened me."

"You are always delightfully courteous, and quite happy in your selection of time and place for such enjoyments,—and to-day more so than ever." Saying this, she rose with an offended air, and added, "Pray try to recover your dream: I am going away."

"Nay," I said, with a most unusual degree of courage, "I cannot recall it if you go, nor ever dream pleasantly again if you are angered, Fairy."

She looked infinitely amazed at this address, but said, "I do not understand a word of all this; surely it is some *proverbe* or May game; if so, let me have the key, that I may take a part in it with discretion before the others come down."

"It is no such thing," I said; "but a dream, as I said, infinitely more delightful to me than any reality." As I gazed upon her she appeared curious or irresolute, and I felt as if I must at all hazards tell her the purport of my dream.

"I cannot guess riddles," she answered, "and I have at this moment no patience to spare; but I think you can only persuade me to forget how very rude you are, by telling me something really worth such a price."

"Do not bid me," was my reply, "unless you will hear it patiently out—this, I think would at least gain me a pardon—yet, perhaps, you would not believe me, for it was of yourself that I dreamed."

"Of me!" she exclaimed, with a doubtful look. "Now, I must insist on hearing it. You are not permitted to take such excursions in my very presence, and then choose whether you will tell me or not."

"Are you really in earnest, Fairy?" I asked, looking at her earnestly; "for I am often at a loss to know how your pleasure is to be understood."

"Quite in earnest," she said, quickly.

"Then, if you will allow me to sit at your feet, I will tell you how I dreamed."

She nodded, laughing, and I used the permission; while, resting her arm on the corner of the sofa, and shading her eyes with one hand, she listened as I related it with an intrepidity that I can only explain by the conviction that I was still less than half awakened from my reverie, and was in a kind of excitement which put my usual diffidence to flight:

"I dreamed that I was standing by your side: where, I know not; but it was in a beautiful and flowery place, the air of

which seemed to make every thing that breathed in it tranquil and loving. We spoke together, not as in real life, but with seriousness and entire trust on both sides; and it was as if all fear of your charming wilfulness had left me, or that you had ceased to take pleasure in it. Then you began to tell me of something that grieved you; and at first I fancied that you were jesting as of old—but when I looked into your eyes they were changed. You were no longer the same Fairy at all: there were the same features, as beautiful as ever; but the expression was calm, almost mournful, and your eyes were like the centre of a heaven where all is deep and still. There now came over me an unutterable longing to shelter you from some wrong or misfortune which I seemed to fear was approaching you; and just as I turned to speak to you, an eagle with golden beak and claws darted through the branches overhead, and flew upon you. Before I could raise my hand, you cried, and I saw that he had struck your brow with his beak, and made it bleed. Again the bird attacked you, but I drove him away. Then you became very pale and faint, so that you rested your head for support on my shoulder; and I did not tell you how willingly I would have shed all the blood of my heart to restore the drops that you had lost: for in my dream (I said how much sweeter it was than the reality!) I felt that you knew how entirely I loved you; but I only took your hand, and pressed it very softly; and I saw that you understood my heart: for you looked up towards me with an eye that said all this and more; and I felt your own fingers"—"For God's sake," I said, as at the moment my story was abruptly broken off, "do not mock me, Fairy!" I only said it was a dream."

I had unconsciously touched her hand at this passage; and I cannot describe the thrill which ran through my frame, the wonder and breathless suspense that moved me, as she gave me one look like that angel's glance in my dream, and her fingers slightly returned the pressure of mine.

"Am I dreaming now?" I cried. "O, say that it is not so!"

She whispered "No;" and as I looked up in her face, in an ecstasy of surprise and delight, she blushed crimson red, and hid it on my shoulder. I rose, and gently drew her to my bosom. It was as if I had been struck by lightning! The suddenness of an event so wholly unexpected, completely paralyzed me. I continued gazing upon the sweet burden, with my heart too full for speech. I could not even shed a tear, hardly draw breath, nor did I venture to disturb a scene that seemed like some unsubstantial rapture, which a touch would again resolve into air. After some

moments, she softly freed herself from my embrace, and looking up with all her wonted radiance of eye, although it now swam in tears, she said to me, "You have been too hard with me. I will hear no more of your dream;" and again raised her hands to her brow, on which I impressed my first kiss, as I replied, "There is no more, sweet Clarence! You have made me too happy in waking—I forget the rest."

"I am afraid I have been very foolish, and you too headstrong," she said, after a longer silence; "but this is now past; and what shall I?"—The remainder of her speech was cut short by an apparition, which we had both been too blissfully engaged in looking at each other to observe before. It was no other than cousin Will himself! who could not, indeed have been expected to look less spiteful and blank than he did, seeing his mistress in the arms of another. Clarence, thus caught, seemed for the first time afraid of him, and ran out of the room with a little scream, nearly oversetting her father, who was at the same moment tottering in at the door. But he did not, after all, escape without mischief; for cousin Will, who was addressing me in a very angry manner, happened to stamp violently at the instant when Everard had reached him, and damaged his tender foot so effectually that his suffering, and the necessary call for relief, caused a diversion, by which I profited to recover a little *sang froid*, and prepare myself for the result of this most unlooked-for happiness. The first thing was, of course, to give my rival a clear intimation that I was prepared to do battle to the uttermost for Clarence; and it was gratifying to see that his distinct perception of this fact, while it surprised him, in one whom he had always regarded as a shy, inconsiderable person, acted as a wonderful emollient of his anger. This took place while Everard was undergoing the process of fomenting and wrapping up the wounded member.—It then fell to his turn to demand explanations of what had happened; and I found his displeasure by no means so easily checked as cousin Will's had been. To acquaint him with the real history of the declaration, and its success, which seemed quite as surprising to me as it could be to him, would, of course, have been useless; he would have thought I was jesting with him. I therefore merely said that the prospect of his daughter's departure had wrung from me an involuntary avowal of feelings which I had long borne in secret, and that to my infinite wonder and delight, I found them reciprocated; having, until that moment, never entertained the shadow of such a presumption. This it was naturally by no means easy to make Everard believe: and he turned without replying, to cousin Will, whose opinion on the matter

he requested to hear. I was really sorry for the conflict which I could see was passing in my rival's mind, between the desire of revenge, and the apprehension of its consequences. Fear, however, prevailed; and he declared, with as much indifference as he could assume, that with such a proof as he had witnessed of his cousin's partiality for another, it was impossible for him to continue a suit, which she had, as he complained, never given him any reason to consider acceptable to her. This was even less satisfactory to Mr. Everard than my disclosure had been, and he sent to desire the presence of his daughter. She refused, however, to appear, except to Everard alone. What passed between them I learned afterwards from her own confession to me; and it may be conceived with what pride and delight I heard that this coy, brilliant creature, had long pitied and loved in secret the melancholy being whose story had sunk deep into her heart, when I little thought she was listening to it. She admitted that, but for the accidental discovery of this morning, she might scarcely have known how strongly the feeling had rooted itself there; but also affirmed that in no case she had ever liked, or would have bestowed herself upon her cousin.

Such was the perplexed web which I had to attempt to disentangle; a change so sudden and remarkable in the relations of all the parties, which had been brought about by the occurrence of my dream alone. I have dwelt so long on the main incident, that it will be as well to reserve for a following chapter the detail of the obstacles and anxieties which were to be encountered before I could fully obtain the precious gift which Clarence Everard had bestowed upon me. It is sufficient to say, that I at length triumphed over her father's reluctance and economic scruples, and that all the happiness I have since enjoyed has been the dower of her bright spirit and affectionate heart. It would possibly amuse some of my readers to hear that, in the final accomplishment of our mutual wishes, the interference of the same Miss Vane, who appears in the early part of this episode, was most whimsically effective. She never was informed of my identity with the intruder of former years, and has taken a great liking to my eldest son, who I believe, will one day be her heir: but Clarence still threatens to betray my secret, whenever I venture to disobey any of her behests; although, as it has now been kept for twelve years, I think little of the menace.

With such daily reasons to rejoice in my singular good fortune, the cardinal point of which has been shown truly, and without a word of embellishment, it will seem not unnatural that I should think reverentially of dreams, and believe, with the old

poet, that "they are sent from Heaven." I may have occasion hereafter to furnish additional reasons for this faith, of a nature more striking, if less agreeable, than the preceding narrative displays. In the meantime I will only express a hearty wish that the gracious and gay, whom I especially addressed at the beginning of the story, may dream, whenever it may be most welcome and surprising to them, as sweetly and truly as I have done, of the being that lies nearest to their hearts!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MADGE MYERS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S TALE.

BY DALTON.

Brightly blazed the log, and cheerily steamed the bowl, and merrily 'wagged the beards,' in the hall of the old manor-house. The party there assembled consisted of seven or eight individuals, all of whom, save one, the Squire's daughter—a young lady with especially wicked eyes, bore the appearance of sportsmen; indeed, the general condition of their boots and nether garments betokened that the ride that day had been both hard and long.—Two or three old pet grey-hounds slumbering upon the hearth, some very stiff-legged portraits of the same species hanging from the walls, together with a pair of silver cups on the sideboard, also 'charged' with greyhounds courant, couchant, &c., afforded tolerable evidence of the particular pursuit in which the company delighted to engage. The general conversation, as might be expected, was loud; and ran, for the most part, upon 'turns,' and 'cotes,' and 'wrenches,' and bay-mares, and the like. The private chat between the lady aforesaid and her neighbor, a young gentleman in a very smart coat, and still smarter cravat, was in a lower key, and of a far more intelligible nature.

'Come, gentlemen,' said the host, 'fill your glasses. Here's to Clio, the best bitch that ever ran a course! Briggs, my buck, you don't drink.'

Mr. Briggs, a thin, cynical, little man, looked at the speaker, replenished his glass, and, turning to an abstracted gentleman on his left, observed,

'You remember Cleopatra?' A nod was the reply. 'She was a bitch!' added Mr. Briggs, and emptied his tumbler at a draught.

A long discussion ensued. The Squire was nettled. His friend's pointed assertion that Cleopatra was a bitch, seemed to convey by implication an opinion that Clio was not.

Mr Briggs maintained his ground; not indeed, after the fashion of the vulgar, by

argument and speechifying. No! Mr. Briggs smoked—smoked defiance, manœvering his pipe the while, (that greatest known aid to social elocution,) and emitting his puffs in a certain logical, incontrovertible way, that told greatly on the company.

'Well, gentlemen,' observed the hitherto silent individual, (he had finished his potation and his pipe, and had, therefore, a few leisure moments to devote to less important objects,) 'after all, my great-uncle had a queer-looking pup—'

'So had your father,' said Mr. Briggs.

The Squire laughed; the silent gentleman could not guess why, and continued, 'I don't remember him; but, as I was saying, my great-uncle had a queer-looking pup, a brindle, that would have run both Clio and Cleopatra for their heads and tails. Nothing in this world ever could beat him, and nothing in t'other ever did.'

There was something either in the manner or in the matter of this last remark, or, perhaps, in both, that drew the attention of the little circle upon the speaker. He had, however, resumed his pipe, and was again dumb. A sudden pause ensued. The young lady and her companion, startled by the silence, looked up, and looked very foolish too.

'Nothing in t'other ever did! nothing in t'other ever tried, I should think,' observed the Squire, at length, somewhat doubtfully.

His friend winked; it was no frivolous, no knowing, no wicked wink, but a wink of deep import and mystery. This was not to be endured; the company burst forth en masse, Miss Caroline being among the most impetuous in demanding an explanation.

'Come, Gervase, I see you are bent upon telling a story,' said Mr. Briggs; so we may as well have it at once.'

'No, no, really, well, if I must,' responded the former, with an air of resignation, 'perhaps the sooner it is over the better.—I'll trouble you for one more lump of sugar, Miss Caroline. Thanks. Well, it was about twenty years ago, and a little before the Louth meeting, that a large party assembled at Leybury Grange, the seat of old Squire Markham, my great-uncle.—There were Colonel Paunch, Lord Mountmartingale, the Hon. Augustus Legge, and some others, all good men and true coursers; and the Squire was pledged to show them some sport. Every thing seemed favorable enough; the day was fine, the dogs in condition, and the country promising.

'Come,' said my uncle, leading the way over a low stile into a large open tract, 'we shall find on this bit of tilt. Form a line, gentlemen.'

'The line was formed, and on they went, with a long-legged slipper in front, hold-

ing a brace of greyhounds; but no hare was 'viewed'—back again—still no hare.

'Devilish odd!' said my uncle, a little nettled. 'We will try along the brow.—There are always six or seven brace to be met with there.'

'The brow was tried; fallows and ploughs, rough grasses, and stubbles, all were tried, still no hare. Forms there were, indeed, fresh and frequent, but not a hare was to be seen. My uncle swore at the long-legged slipper; and Lord Mountmartingale buttoned up his coat.

'Pon my life, my lord, I am very sorry,' said the Squire; 'but really I can't understand it. There's not a better preserved country in all England.'

'I certainly never saw better lying,' observed Colonel Paunch, with a slight shiver.

'Heard better, he means,' interrupted Mr. Briggs.

'Well, be quiet, Briggs—up and down, across and back, they rode for another hour, and to no better purpose. Meanwhile most of the party began to grow cold; my uncle grew warm in proportion.

'It's enough,' he exclaimed, 'to make coursers cursers!'

This was his pet pun, and the kind consideration it met with was sufficient to sustain him a good quarter of an hour longer. But again his spirits flagged under such persevering ill fortune.

'I tell ye what it is, sir,' said the long-legged slipper, at length, stopping suddenly, 'it's all along of that tarnation old Madge Myers; she's a-field.'

'By the living jingo! Tim, you're right,' said my uncle. 'Burst my boots!'

'He was a little given to adjurations; which, indeed, were confined, for the most part, to 'dashing his buttons'; 'blowing his wig,' &c.; but now he went the length of wishing his boots (a new pair of cream-colored tops) might be burst, if he did not show a hare in a particular spot.

'Tim,' he continued, 'my head to a haystack, we shall find her by the old elm!'

'Why, sir, you bean't a-going to course the witch, sure-ly?'

'Bean't I?' muttered my great-uncle.'

'And pray, who, or what, was Madge Myers?' inquired Mr. Briggs.

'Madge,' continued the narrator, 'was an ugly old crone, whose human dwelling stood at one extremity of the little village hard by the Grange. She was a witch, beyond question. Had other proofs been wanting, her age and ugliness afforded sufficient evidence of the fact; inasmuch as it is well known that the devil takes possession of bodies as well as buildings when they become dilapidated, and fit for no one else. Now, it was one of Madge's constant amusements to assume the appearance of a great grey hare. She had often-

times been descried by the neighbors, hopping about her garden in this shape. The old woman, indeed, used to persist that it was nothing but a tame rabbit which they saw; and she generally had one at hand, to give a color to her assertion; but, of course, the good people were not such fools as to believe that. Her great delight, however, was, having worried and chased every other hare off the manor, to squat herself among the roots of an old elm tree, situate in the middle of a wild common, about a couple of miles from the cottage.

Hither my uncle now conducted his party. Many a time had he coursed that great grey hare; but without success. She always took towards the village, and was soon lost in the small inclosures, running clear away from the best dogs in the county; indeed, some mischance or another seemed invariably to attend her pursuers. One had broken a rib, others had been lamed, and several severely cut, in the course.

'Bring up the brindle-pup,' said my great uncle solemnly. 'And now, my lord, I'll back him for a hundred, against your best.'

The match made; the dogs coupled; and, they had scarcely reached the spot, when 'So-ho!' shouted the slipper, as away went puss.

'No law!' cried my uncle; and the dogs were slipped on the instant. The brindle led, and ran well up to the hare. The latter, however, her ears laid flat and her back arched, sped like lightning across the common, making, as usual, for the inclosures; up one of these (a quick-hedge, protected by a low, double rail) she ran; and my lord's dog broke his leg in attempting to follow; still the brindle kept to his work; twice he turned her, and once more she was forced into the common. My uncle, meanwhile, on a thorough-bred chestnut, kept a good place, sweeping over dykes and fences like a professor, as he was. As for Lord Mountmartingale, he soon found himself up to his neck in a drain; while Colonel Paunch was pleasantly located, at no great distance, in the midst of a furze-bush. The rest were nowhere. Squire Markham had it all to himself; and, better horse and rider, better dog and hare, never ran a course. Puss, meanwhile, pressed harder than she had ever been before, succeeded with difficulty in gaining the high road, and, with 'the pup' not a yard behind, dashed gallantly through the village. She reached the low mud wall adjoining the cottage of old Madge, and was in the very act of springing, when the brindle, leaping forward with a tremendous bound, caught her by the scut; off it came. The hare gave a shriek, like a human being, in its agony, and in the same instant disappeared over the garden fence. The dog followed; but the course was done.

On my uncle's galloping up, he found the greyhound panting, and dead beat, among the cabbages, with the scut of the lost hare, yet fresh and warm, by his side; but not a trace of puss herself was visible. Next morning most particular inquiries were made concerning the movements, &c. of old Madge. She had not been seen.—The same reply was given on the day following.

'Tim,' said my great-uncle, 'request Mr. Leach, the apothecary, with my compliments, to call in at Madge's cottage.—There must be something the matter with the old lady; and add, that I shall be happy to see him at dinner afterwards.'

At precisely five minutes to four Mr. Leach made his appearance at the Grange.

'Well, doctor, pray how is Madge Myers?'

'Ah, how is she?' burst from many voices.

'I found the poor old creature,' replied the medical gentleman, rather astounded by the multiplicity of these inquiries, 'in bed, very weak; indeed, almost dead from exhaustion. I have reason to fear the barbarous little wretches in the village have been again maltreating her as a witch; (your medical men are ever sceptics;) there were evident traces of blood upon her clothes; but she persisted in declining my assistance.'

'Bravo!' said the Squire, looking round in triumph, 'I told you so.'

'Told them what?' inquired Mr. Briggs, a little pettishly.

'Ah! that I can't say; but, soon after, the old woman was seen with a large new cushion in her chair; and was never known to the day of her death, to sit down without it; and then — and then —' Here the old gentleman dropped his voice, and whispered mysteriously, first on his left hand, then on his right.

'Nonsense!' 'You don't say so?' 'Well, I never.' 'No;' and sundry other ejaculations followed, accompanied by divers nods, shrugs, and other pantomimic expressions of astonishment, as the whisper gradually pervaded the circle.

'Fact!' said the old gentleman aloud, with oracular decision.

'And, pray,' asked the young lady, who, probably from her proximity to the fire, had acquired an unusually brilliancy of color, 'pray, what became of the brindle-pup?'

'He was bit by a mad dog within the week, and shot, in consequence.'

'And you believe all this, do you?' inquired Mr. Briggs.

'Yes, sir, I do,' said the old gentleman, turning round very sharply; 'and, what then?'

'What then? Oh, nothing, nothing what-

ever,' replied Mr. Briggs, a little startled; 'why, then, so do I; that's all.'

His eyebrows attained a perceptible elevation, he tossed off his glass, and here the matter ended.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

THE LONELY HOUSE.

Not far from the small town of Barbacena, about fifty leagues north of Rio de Janeiro, there stands an old house, formerly inhabited by a Brazilian *fazendeiro*, or gentleman farmer, called Joze de Suoza, whose name it still bears. A story is current among the good people of the little town that Joze de Souza was barbarously murdered by his wife and her paramour, who, *mirabile dictu!* were hung for it, such being the very rare consequence of a murder committed by a free person in Brazil. Advice is given to all travellers on no account to stop the night in the "Lonely house," as they would be visited by the ghost of the former owner, who was nightly seen flying before his murderers in a bloody shirt, and uttering shrieks for help.

Having occasion to pass through Barbacena with a friend, we determined to spend a night in the haunted mansion, and if possible, to discover who their ghostships were. The usual advice about not visiting the place was most generously bestowed on us; and although we heeded it little, it appeared to have considerable effect upon a Brazilian, and a negro servant, who accompanied us. Antonio (the Brazilian) suddenly discovered that he had run a horse-shoe nail into his foot, which utterly disabled him from stirring another step; at the same time the poor negro found out to his amazement that he had forgotten his *manta* (coverlet,) and that he must instantly return to fetch it. These misfortunes we very soon remedied by putting Antonio on horse back, and by purchasing a new manta for Pedro; still both seemed unwilling to move, and we were obliged to resort to threats and promises before they would stir. In about four hours we reached the "Lonely house"—a place fully deserving its name; and had we supposed we should find so wretched a lodging, our curiosity for ghost-seeing, would probably have been subdued. There was not a house within twelve miles of this miserable building, which was very long and narrow, and only one story high. The roof was still standing in some parts; but in others, it had fallen in. Not a window or shutter was left, nor even the vestige of a door; we therefore blocked up the vacant spaces in the best looking apartment, which we chose for the adventure, with logs of wood, and bushes from a neighboring thicket. Having kindled a large fire

here, as night approached we fastened our horses in one corner, and spread our *ponz-os* (Brazilian cloaks) in another, where we intended to sleep. Our servants made themselves happy on some dry grass near the fire; and having had their insides warmed with a stiff glass of hot grog, before long they were fast asleep.

My companion and I discussed our to-day, and the necessity of one keeping watch whilst the other slept, "lest bogies catch us unawares," for we thought it possible that some trick might be intended; but having talked till long after "night's dark key-stone," which we were told was the visiting hour of the deceased parties, we dozed off into a comfortable sleep, which in about an hour's time, was interrupted by the shrieks of our servants, who rushed to us, from their bed by the fire, calling on all the ghost-dispelling saints for assistance against the Tutus (evil spirits;) and true enough, by the faint glimmer of the expiring embers, we could perceive several hideous beings warming themselves by the fire. The horses were apparently as much frightened as our servants, or I may as well own it, as ourselves; for although I had always laughed at the idea of demonocracy, my first thought was, that his Satanic Majesty must have sent a troop of his imps to worry us: but to put them to the proof, I fired a pistol loaded with shot into the midst of them, which caused a frightful yell, and set them skipping at us. To fire again would have endangered the horses, when Pedro, who was trying to shield himself, covered one of them by a sudden jerk with his new manta, into which my friend fired a pistol, by the flash of which we saw some of the imps climbing up the wall above our heads, whence a shot from my gun brought one down. During the scuffle the horses broke loose, and by rushing across the room, kicked some burning charcoal into the dry grass, which directly flamed up, and gave us sufficient light to recover our wits, and to find out something about our uninvited guests.

It appeared that some large monkeys, called monnos by the Brazilians, had been accustomed to pay occasional visits to the relics of a banana and orange garden adjoining the old house; and as they were never interrupted, they probably used sometimes to seek shelter in the building. Whether the smell of our provisions, or the warmth of the fire, had proved an extra inducement, we cannot say; but certain it is, that they first awoke poor Antonio, who was snoring most gloriously by the fireside. We consoled him by assuring him that they must have taken his ugly face for one belonging to their own tribe; for truly no other animal could have been so misled. The idea appeared both novel

and unpleasant to him. On removing Pedro's manta very carefully, we found a young mono, who had nearly been stunned by a charge of buck-shot passing close by his head, and taking a piece out of his ear. This animal we took care of, and having muzzled him, and tied his paws, we carried him in triumph to Barbacena. Some people laughed at the joke; but others shook their heads, and said it was useless for "Pagaos Inglezes" (English Pagans) to try to pawn the devil, in the shape of a monno on good Christians, and ended by assuring us that nothing would ever induce them to pass a night in the "lonely house."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TEN DAYS IK QUARANTINE.

BY BENJAMIN BUNTING.

During the summer of 183-, I left St. Petersburg to return to England, via Lubbeck and Hamburg, by the steam packet "Nicolai the First." The weather was lovely, and the motion of the vessel so slight, that scarcely one of nearly fifty passengers had to submit to the usual tax by his oceanic majesty on those who cross his domains for the first time. Our party consisted of persons of various nations and occupations. Among the medley there were sundry Russian officers, all moustaches and medals, going to see the world. A French attache also went with us, fitter for a ball-room than the deck of a sea-boat. There was a sleek, comely Quaker, and a top-booted John Bull, the former a merchant, and the latter a wealthy farmer, who had taken some broken-down English horses to Russia, and was now returning with his pockets well lined. Besides these were several Germans, who opened their mouths only when they took in their food, or blew the smoke from their long pipes. To complete this motley cargo of 'live lumber,' we had about twenty of the corps de ballet from the Italian theatre at St. Petersburg, who were just returning after their season of gaiety.

After the first two days, the sharp edges of ceremony wore off among most of my fellow-travellers, and steady conversation, as well as harmless jokes, became the order of the day. The French, German, and English languages were rattled together like dice in a box, until the French spoke German to their own countrymen, and the English passengers addressed each other in broken French. The third and fourth day passed very agreeably. The dinners on board were good. Champagne and brown stout, claret and brandy-pawney, were called for constantly. Everybody appeared satisfied at having left the lands of snows and serfs, to visit the more

sunny lands of the west and the south.—The commander of the steamer was an old lieutenant, who had fought under Nelson and Collingwood, but whom bad fortune, and a narrow half-pay, had induced to enter the service of the Steam-packet Company. He related to us the glorious days of St. Vincent, the Nile, and Trafalgar; and even our French friend could not but admire the spirit of our hero, although his stories told against 'La belle France.'

On the fifth morning, Travemunde (the port of Lubeck,) was visible in the distance; and, on coming within half a mile of it, a signal was made for us to come to anchor, which, we presumed, would be the case until a health-boat should examine us; for, although the cholera was raging in some parts of Russia, there was none at St. Petersburg when we left, and there had been no sickness on board. But our sentence was soon pronounced; a boat hailed us, ordering us to hoist the yellow flag, and to remain at anchor for ten days under a penalty of being fired at by the forts and gun-boats. This order was not to be disregarded; and those (ourselves among the number) who had hoped to be in England in four days more saw another fortnight of miserable, monotonous life before them. To crown all, the captain informed us that, as he had taken in a supply of water only sufficient for common emergencies, we must content ourselves with half the regular allowance, which would be about four pints daily for each person, for cooking, tea, drinking, and last, though not least, for washing. Many on board thought four pints a very fair allowance; but, on finding two to two and a half pints deducted for making tea and cooking their dinners, they complained bitterly, and our poor skipper was hourly pestered to send on shore for a supply; but the orders he had received were peremptory. Nobody from the shore or the other vessels would venture near our yellow flag, a color at that time more dreaded than the black ensign of the pirates seen in the Gulf of Florida and the Indian seas. No bribe would have induced any one to approach us, even if our captain had granted permission, which he dared not give.—Within five hundred yards of us lay a large vessel, just arrived from the Azores, with a freight of oranges. With our glasses we could see bushels of damaged fruit thrown overboard; but none would float near us. The sight was perfectly tantalising. On shore everything looked green, and we could fancy to ourselves the pleasure of those who were enjoying the first fruits of the season. Everybody on board was out of temper; conversation flagged; jokes, even stale ones, were no longer attempted; and, had it not been for our worthy skipper, some of the passengers would, I verily

believe, have thrown themselves overboard. He endeavored to cheer us a little. Having requested us to go into the cabin for a short while, we were recalled, and found a sail drawn across the steamer, which, on being raised, presented the corps de ballet, whom he had requested to dance and sing on his beautifully-polished quarterdeck. A piano, the property of an English lady, a violin, and two flutes, played by their owners, served as an orchestra; and in this manner a short time was very pleasantly passed. A game of blind-man's buff was now proposed; and the lot fell on our little French friend to be blinded. He endeavored to catch everybody; and at last seized the top-booted Englishman; who, to the amusement of the passengers, had donned a lady's bonnet and shawl.

'C'est vous, ma petite compette!' murmured the attache, thinking that he had laid his hands upon a delicate Russian belle,—'c'est vous! c'est vous!' and down came the handkerchief from his eyes; but lo, and behold, there stood a strapping John Bull, of some six feet in height, and half as much in width, hoiding his fat sides with a pair of hands which would not have disgraced an old Polar bear, and his jolly red cheeks bursting from the restraint which he had been obliged to impose upon them.

"Yes; I'm your pretty countess, my dear," he exclaimed, throwing his brawny arms around the slender Frenchman; and lifting him into the air with as much ease as a hawk does a sparrow. "I'm your pretty countess, come to my arms, and I'll make thee my own;" and other such endearing expressions he bestowed upon the poor little man with great generosity.

The latter struggled and kicked; but, finding it useless to resist the embraces of his huge "comtesse," took it very good-humouredly; but looked rather foolish when the real countess made her appearance, and joined in the laughter against him.

'I was not aware, M. de ———,' said she 'that quarantine diet was so very invigorating. I thought I had become rather thinner during the last few days; but, when Mr. Smith is mistaken for me, I really shall think that this mode of living is exceedingly conducive to health.'

M. de ———, who never before was known to be wanting with some polite speech, particularly if a lady was in the case, stood now perfectly abashed, and could not utter a word. The only persons who seemed not to enjoy, or even see the joke, were the lethargic Germans; who sat as usual close by the funnel, smoking at a regular steam-pace. The old quaker, who had all along worn a most sedate countenance, was obliged to allow a hearty laugh to escape; and, although he refused

to join in the game, he entered fully into the spirit of it. Shortly afterwards a quadrille was commenced, which was succeeded by a waltz, and that by a mazurka; until the people from the distant vessels imagined that we had a crew of lunatics on board.

Three days wore away tolerably well in this manner; but, the fourth being rainy, none of the ladies ventured on deck, although there was an awning, which served as a tolerable umbrella; and the gentlemen being obliged to amuse themselves as well as they could, a new game was proposed. A thin piece of wood, three feet in length, was fixed upright on the deck; and on the point of it a small potato was stuck. A person was then blindfolded, and, with a sword in his hand, was to walk up to the potato, and split it; if he missed it three successive times, he forfeited a bottle of champagne. As every body may easily suppose, there were many more misses than hits: and the champagne flowed freely: and many were the seven-and-sixpences pocketed by the steward.—But the champagne resembled our own spirits: it sparkled for a short time, and then died away. We were now obliged to pass our time as well as we could; and tried to do it after a certain Sambo's plan; who, when asked by a friend how he passed his time, politely remarked, 'Me no pass me time; me cock up me leg, and let time pass me.'

Before long we were roused from our stupor by some sharp words which passed between one of the be-medalled Russians and the Frenchman, regarding the old joke, which the former had thought proper to revive. Friends were consulted by both parties; and a meeting was fixed to take place on the fore-castle by five o'clock next morning; but it too soon reached the skipper's ears, who threatened to place the would-be combatants under an arrest if they did not faithfully promise to say no more on the subject until they left his vessel. Finding that they could not have that satisfaction which they so much desired, they very wisely kept quiet. New games were invented; and by degrees the remaining days of our imprisonment wore away, and we were at length released from our horrid confinement.

One thing more I must mention,—viz: the various wishes expressed by the different passengers as to what dishes they most desired on landing. The husband of the fair "comtesse" expressed a longing for a couple of snipes, and a bottle of chateau Lafitte; the attache desired to have a *pate de foix gras*; the Germans wished much for *sour-kROUT* and *brat-wurst* (sausage); and our English friend begged for a good beef-steak, and a pot of half-and-half.—Every one according to his taste, thought

I; but I could not help owning that, if I had the choice, I should certainly have dined with the last-mentioned person, particularly as I had been obliged for the last twelve months to content myself with fowls smothered in oil; eggs stewed in onions; and beef made up into anything but beef.

THE CURSE OF GLENCOE.

BY E. SIMMONS.

The tale that follows is founded upon an incident that occurred some little time before the American War, to Col. Campbell of Glenlyon, whose grandfather, the Laird of Glenlyon, was the officer in King William's service who commanded at the slaughter of the Macdonalds of Glencoe. The anecdote is told in Col. David Stewart's valuable history of the Highland Regiments. Edin. 1822.

The fair calm eve on wood and wold
Shone down with softest ray,
Beneath the sycamore's red leaf
The mavis trill'd her lay,
Murmur'd the Tweed afar, as if
Complaining for the day.

And evening's light, and wild-bird's song,
And Tweed's complaining tune;
And far-off hills, whose restless pines
Were beckoning up the moon—
Beheld and heard, shed silence through
A lofty dim saloon.

The fruits of mellow autumn glow'd
Upon the ebon board;
The blood that grape of Burgundy
In other days had pour'd,
Gleam'd from its crystal vase—but all
Untasted stood the hoard.

Two guests sat listlessly
That lavish board beside;
The one a fair-haired stripling, tall,
Blithe-brow'd and eager-ey'd,
Caressing still two hounds in leash,
That by his chair abide.

Right opposite, in musing mood,
A stalwart man was placed,
With veteran aspect, like a tower
By war, not time, defaced,
Whose shatter'd walls exhibit Power
Contending still with Waste.

And as the ivy's sudden veil
Will round the fortress spring,
Some grief unfading o'er that brow
Its shadow seemed to fling,
And made that stalwart man's whole air
A sad and solemn thing.

And so they sat, both Youth and Years,
An hour without a word—
The pines that beckon'd up the moon
Their arms no longer stirr'd,
And through the open windows wide
The Tweed alone was heard.

The elder's mood gave way at last,
Perhaps some sudden whine
Of the lithe quest-hounds startled him,
Or time-piece striking nine ;
'Fill for thyself, forgotten Boy,'
He said, 'and pass the wine.'

'A churlish host I ween am I
To thee, who, day by day,
Thus comest to cheer my solitude
With converse frank and gay,
Or tempt me with thy dogs to course
The moorlands far away.

'But still the fit returns' — he paused,
Then with a sigh resumed,
'Remember'st thou how once beneath,
Yon chestnut, when it bloom'd,
Thou ask'dst me why I wore the air
Of spirit disentomb'd ;

'And why, apart from man, I chose
This mansion grim and hoary,
Nor in my ancient lineage seem'd,
Nor ancient name, to glory ?
I shunn'd thy questions then—now list,
And thou shalt hear the story—

'With a brief preface, and through life
Believe its warning true—
That they who (save in righteous cause)
Their hands with blood imbrue—
Man's sacred blood—avenging heaven
Will long in wrath pursue.

'A curse has fallen upon my race ;
The Law once given in fire,
While Sinai trembled to its base,
That curse inflicted dire,
To visit still upon the Son,
The offences of the Sire.

'My fathers strong, of iron hand,
Had hearts as iron hard,
That never love nor pity's touch,
From ruthless deed's debarr'd.
And well they held their Highland glen,
Whatever factions warr'd.

'When Stuart's great but godless race
Dissolved like thinnest snow
Before bright Freedom's face, my clan,
The Campbells, served their foe.
—Boy—'twas my grandsire'' (soft he said)
'Commanded at Glencoe.'

The stripling shrank, nor quite suppress'd
His startled bosom's groan ;
Forward and back the casements huge
By sudden gust were blown,
And at the sound one dreaming hound
Awaken'd with a moan.

'Glencoe—ay, well the word may stir,
The stoutest heart with fear,
Or burn with monstrous shame the face
Of man from year to year,
As long as Scotland's girdling rocks
The roar of seas shall hear.

'Enough—Glenlyon redly earn'd
The curse he won that night,
When rising from the social hearth
He gave the word to smite,
And all was shriek and helplessness,
And massacre and flight.

'And such a flight ! O, outraged Heaven,
How could'st thou, since, have smiled ?
A fathom deep the frozen snow
Lay horrid on the wild,
Where fled to perish youth and age,
And wife and feeble child.

'My couch is soft—yet dreams will still
Convert that couch to snow,
And in my slumbers shot and shout
Are ringing from Glencoe.'
That stalwart man arose and paced
The chamber to and fro,
While to his brow the sweat-drop sprung
Like one in mortal throe.

* * * * *
'Glenlyoa died, be sure, as die
All desperate men of blood,
And from my sire (his son) our lands
Departed sod by sod,

Till the sole wealth bequeathed me was
A mother fearing God.

'She rear'd me in that holy fear,
In stainless honor's love,
And from the past she warn'd me,
Whate'er my fate should prove,
To shrink from bloodshed as a sin
All human sins above.

'I kept the precept ;—by the sword
Compell'd to win me bread,
A soldier's life of storm and strife
For forty years I led,
Yet ne'er by this reluctant arm
Has friend or foeman bled.

'But still I felt Glencoe's dark curse
My head suspended o'er,
— Look, this reluctant hand, for all,
Is red with human gore ;'
Again that white-lipp'd man arose
And strode the echoing floor.

* * * *

'A prosperous course through life was mine
On rampart, field and wave,
Though more my warrior skill than deeds,
Command and fortune gave.
Years roll'd away, and I prepared
To drop the weary glaive.

' 'Twas then beyond th' Atlantic foam,
To check encroaching France,
Our war spread wide, and on his tide,
In many a martial glance,
St. Lawrence saw grey Albyn's plumes
And Highland pennons dance.

'E'n while I wait'd for the Chief,
By whom relieved at last,
Heart-young, though time-worn, I was free
To hail my country's blast—
That on a sentry, absent found,
The doom of death was pass'd.

'Poor Ronald Blair : a fleeter foot
Ne'er track'd through Morven moss
The wind-hoof'd deer, nor swimmer's arm
More wide the surge could toss
Than his, for whom dishonor's hand
Now dug the griesly fosse.

'Suspicion of those hunter tribes,
Along whose giant screen

Of shadowy woods our host encamp'd,
The early cause had been
Of rule, than none of Indian race
Should come our lines within.

'The law was kept, yet, far away,
Amid the forests' glade,
The fair-hair'd warriors of the North
Woo'd many a dusky maid,
Who charm'd, perhaps, not less because
In Nature's garb array'd.

'And warm and bright as southern night,
When all is stars and dew,
Was that dark girl, who, to the banks,
Where lay her light canoe,
Lured Ronald's footsteps, day by day,
When time the sun withdrew.

'Far down the stream she dwelt, 'twould
seem,
Yet stream nor breeze could bar
Her little boat, that to a nook,
Dark with the pine-tree's spar,
Each evening Ronald saw shoot up
As constant as a star.

'Alone she came—she went alone :—
She came with fondest freight
Of maize and milky fruits and furs
Her lover's eyes to greet ;
She went—ah, 'twas her bosom then,
Not bark that bore the weight.

'How fast flew time to hearts like theirs ;
The ruddy summer died,
And arctic frosts must soon enchain
St Lawrence' mighty tide ;
But yet awhile the little boat
Came up the river-side.

'One night while from their northern lair
With intermittent swell,
The keen winds grumbled loud and long,
To Ronald's turn it fell
Close to the shore to keep the lines,
A lonely sentinel.

' 'Twas now the hour was wont to bring
His Indian maid ; and hark !
As constant as a star it comes,
That small love-laden bark,
It anchors in the cove below—
She calls him through the dark.

'He dared not answer, dared not stir,
Where Discipline had bound him ;

Nor was there need—led by her heart
The joyous girl has found him :
She understands it not, nor cares,
Her raptured arms are round him.

‘He kiss’d her face—he breathed low
Those brook-like, murmuring words
That, without meaning, speak out all
The heart’s impassion’d chords,
The truest language human lip
To human lip affords.

‘He pointed towards the distant camp,
Her clasping arms undid,
And show’d that till the morrow’s sun
Their meeting was forbid ;
She went—her eyes in tears—he call’d,
And kiss’d them from the lid.

‘She went—he heard her far below
Unmoor her little boat;
He caught the oars first dip that sent
It from the bank afloat;
Next moment down the tempest swept
With an all-deafening throat.

‘Loud roar’d the storm, but louder still
The river roar’d and rose,
Tumbling its angry billows, white
And huge as Alpine snows;
Yet clear through all, one piercing cry
His heart with terror froze.

‘She shrieks, and calls upon the name
She learn’d to love him by;
The waves have swamped her little boat—
She sinks before his eye;
And he must keep his dangerous post,
And leave her there to die.

‘One moment’s dreadful strife—Love wins
He plunges in the water;
The moon is out, his strokes are stout,
The swimmer’s arm has caught her,
And back he bears, with gasping heart,
The Forest’s matchless daughter.

‘Twas but a chance,—her life is gain’d,
And his is gone—for lo,
The picquet round has come, and found,
Left open to the foe,
The dangerous post that Ronald kept
So short a time ago.

‘They met him bearing her—he scorn’d
To palter or to plead;

Arrested—bound—ere beat of drum,
The judgment court decreed
That Ronald Blair should with his life
Pay forfeit for his deed.

‘He knew it well—that deed involved
Such mischief to the host,
While prowling spy and open foe
Watch’d every jealous post,
That of a soldier’s crimes, it call’d
For punishment the most.

‘On me as senior in command,
The charge I might not shun
Devolved to see the doom of death
Upon the culprit done.
The place—a league from camp; the hour,
The morrow’s evening sun.

‘Meanwhile some touches of the tale
That reach’d the distant tent
Of Him who led the war in Chief,
Won justice so relent.
That night in private, a REPRIEVE
Unto my care was sent,

‘With secret orders to pursue
The sentence to the last,
And when the prisoner’s prayer was o’er,
And the death-fillet past,
But not till then, to read to him
That pardon for the past.

‘The morrow came; the evening sun
Was sinking red and cold,
When Roland Blair, a league from camp
We led, erect and bold,
To die the soldier’s death, while low
The funeral drum was roll’d.

‘With arms reversed, our plaided ranks
The distance due retire,
The fatal musqueteers advance
The signal to require:
‘Till I produce this kerchief blue,
Be sure withhold your fire.’

‘His eyes are bound—the prayer is said—
He kneels upon his bier;
So dread a silence sank on all,
You might have heard a tear
Drop to the earth. My heart beat quick
With happiness and fear.

‘To feel conceal’d within my vest
A parting soul’s relief:

I kept my hand on that **REPRIEVE**

Another moment brief :

Then diew it forth, but with it drew,
O God ! the handkerchief.

'He fell :—and whether he or I
Had died I hardly knew—
But when the gusty forest breeze
Aside the death-smoke blew,
I heard those bearing off the dead,
Proclaim that there were two.

'They said that as the volley ceased,
A low sob call'd them where
They found an Indian maiden dead,
Clasping in death's despair
One feather from a Highland plume
And one bright lock of hair.

'I've long forgot what follw'd, save
That standing by his bier,
I shouted out the words some fiend
Was whispering in my ear—
'My race is run—the curse of Heaven
And of Glencoe is here.'

'From that dark hour all hope to me,
All human hope was gone :
I shrank from life a branded man—
I sought my land alone,
And of a stranger's purchased halls
I joy'd to make my own.

'Thou'st known me long as Campbell—
new

Thou know'st the Campbell's story,
And why, apart from man, I chose
This mansion grim and hoary,
Nor in my ancient lineage seem'd,
Nor ancient name to glory.

'Though drear my lot, yet, noble boy,
Not always I repine :
Come, wipe those watery drops away
That in thine eyelids shine :
Fill for thyself,' the old man said,
'Once more, and pass the wine.'

[Blackwood's Magazine.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

OLD ELSPETH.

Old Elspeth was a cerlin dread,
At least report said so,
And near her door, when daylight fled,
No youngster dared to go.

And though old Elspeth much was bent,
And used a staff by day,
The gossips swore at night she'd mount
And sail long leagues away.

And all to mix, in rites unblest,
With Satan and his band,
Who, 'mid the gloom of murk and mist,
Rode riot o'er the land.

Right fiercely sped the concourse dread,
Where Druid rings were seen ;
Where Woden's fiery feast oft-spread
In former times had been—

To gloat their eyes on the blood-red stains
The Runic piles that dyed,
Which, after twice ten centuries' rains,
Their searching glance descried.

And past the spots, on dismal coasts,
Where shipwrecked mariners lie;
And over moors, 'mong murderers' ghosts
And goblin sprites, they'd hie.

Full well 'twas seen how matters stood,
For oft as morning beamed,
To venturous wight, who dared intrude,
Right wo-begone she seemed.

And few made doubts her nights were spent
In revels, far away,
Who marked the change she underwent
From the eve o' the bygone day.

Sometimes she moaned, and much she
For which she blamed a cold; [coughed
And much thereat the bumpkins scoffed,
When sunshine made them bold.

And daily 'plaints made all opine
Thut Elspeth's searching eye
Could blast the grain or scathe the kine
When'er she chose to try.

And the sexton swore, 'mong sundry feats
That Elspeth's midnight spells [sheets
Made dead men dance in their winding-
To the sound of the Abbey bells.

In short, the fact was plain to all,
If Elspeth there should stay,
She'd have the village, hut and hall,
E'er twelve moons passed, away.

Old Mertoun was a yeoman good,
Who wonned hard by her dwelling ;

And down the hill one morn he strode,
Fierce rage his bosom swelling.

His cow was strangled in her stance,
And little doubt had he
That Elspeth caused this sad mischance
By spells of witchery.

For he'd denied, with right good sense,
Old Elspeth fuel or food;
For who would deal with her whose pence
Might turn to stone or wood?

So Mertoun raised a goodly band
To souse the hag outright
In some deep pond, to let her stand
The test as best she might.

With whoop, halloo, and mingled din,
They reached the beldame's door;
But who the first should venture in,
Perplexed the party sore.

"'Twas Mertoun's job," the party said;
"The risk belonged to him;"
But Mertoun started back dismayed,
And quaked at every limb.

With cautious step they ventured in,
And, stretched upon the bed, [then?
They found—ye powers! what found they
The fierce old beldame—dead!

By famine's grasp relieved from fears,
And underneath her head,
A well-used Bible, wet with tears
The poor old witch had shed!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE OUTLAW.

They knew him in his gladness,
In his Summer's brightest day;
Ere Penury and Sadness
Had dimm'd its latest ray.
Who can admire the sunbeams
When hid in transient gloom?
Or who can love the rose-tree
When its roses cease to bloom?

They left him in his sorrow,
When his heart was sad and lone;
When he rose upon the morrow
But to wish it past and gone!

Oh, who can love the winter
When the sky and tempest lowers?
'Tis the Spring alone finds friends
For its sunbeams and its flowers.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE EXILE'S ADIEU.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

Fare thee well! my father-land,
Hearth and home, a long adieu!
Clouds and distance veil the strand,
Fast receding from my view,
Sorrow shall my thoughts pursue;
While on past delights they dwell,
Time will but my grief renew,
Oh, my father-land, farewell.

'Tis not that a blyther spring
Wakes to light thine early flowers;
'Tis not that on gayer wing
Birds of song frequent thy bowers,—
'Tis that memory's witching powers
Sway thee with a charmed wand;
Childhood's days, and youth's fond hours
Linger in my father-land.

Violets of a deeper blue,
Pestnus' valleys may disclose:
With a more enamour'd hue,
Blushes Persia's matchless rose:
Yet the charm which home bestows,
Far transcends their passing bloom,
Dearer is the weed that blows
Mournful o'er a father's tomb.

Works of more ambitious skill
May in foreign regions rise;
Sweeter flowrets may distil
Perfumed breath to genial skies;
Grander scenes may greet mine eyes,
When the wooded mountains swell;
They shall only hear my sighs—
Father-land; a last farewell.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CANZONET.

Meet me, dearest, in the morning,
When the dreams of happy hours
Are the freshest: 'mid the dawning,
When the dew-drops gem the flowers:

Ere the glare of garish day, love,
Has called hearts to Mammon's shrine,
Ere thy thoughts to earth may stray, love,
And taint their pureness—half divine.

When the green-wood, and the ocean,
Wake in peace and move in light:
And thy soul's unstained emotion
Thrills with rapture's fond delight:
Meet me, dearest, in the morning,
When the dreams of happy hours
Are the freshest: 'mid the dawning,
When the dew-drops gem the flowers.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

STANZAS.

Pour chasser de sa souvenance
L'ami secret,
On se donne bien de souffrance,
Pour peu d'effet.

Une si douce fantaisie
Toujours revient:
En songeant qu'il faut qu'on l'oublie,
L'on s'en souvient.

TRANSLATION.

BY J. H. LOWTHER.

Strong are the measures we employ,
How vain our efforts prove,
To chase the empty dream of joy
Which spring from secret love.

Clara, thy form pursues me yet,
Where'er my footsteps flee;
For every struggle to forget,
But rivets me to thee.

OUR MAGAZINE.

We are happy in presenting the already exceedingly numerous readers of the *Anglo-American Magazine* with a variety of matter in this Number which, if it shall fail to please them, will disappoint us exceedingly. We are sorry to observe that the quality of the paper used for this number is not such as we intended, nor such

as we ordered; but the deficiency was not discovered in season to remedy it without greatly retarding the work. We think, however, we have made ample amends by the variety and richness of the articles selected. Amidst such a profusion of good things as we are in the habit of receiving monthly from the Old World, it is difficult sometimes to make a selection founded on intrinsic merit alone; and our aim has been, and will continue to be, to give such a variety as can hardly fail, in some one particular at least, to please all tastes.

The short leading article from Blackwood is high tory of course; and the sentiments it advances will not meet any response of opinion in this country. Nevertheless, there are very many readers here who are anxious to know what possible arguments can be adduced in favor of the corruptions of British aristocracy; and when they perceive to what miserable shifts even their strongest writers are driven in order to sustain the abuses of centuries, the effect will be to make the American reader still better satisfied with a government like our own, founded on the intelligence and patriotism of the people.

The article from Blackwood on "Pretenders to Fashion," lifts the veil—unintentionally, we presume;—from the whole dark mass of English society, and exposes the follies, the fripperies, and the corruptions attendant upon a legalized aristocracy, with a master hand. We wish for no better arguments in favor of a republican state of society, than this tory writer has all unwittingly given in his successful attempts to picture the "manners living" of the "World of London."